

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 950

FEBRUARY 11, 1888

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 950.—VOL. XXXVII.

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
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1. The Prince in his Study 2. A Drive 3. The Prince and his Daughters at a Curiosity Shop 4. Italian Torpedo Boat Placed at the Disposal of the Crown Prince and his Family

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AT SAN REMO

THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—No one expects that the Speech from the Throne will contain anything of a specially novel or surprising character, nor does Her Majesty's latest formal utterance form any exception to the rule. That nothing is said about the Rules of Procedure, the recasting of which will form the first important business before the House, is simply due to the fact that it would be contrary to etiquette for the Queen even to suggest to her faithful Commons how they should manage their discussions. Apart from the statement, which has fortunately now been stereotyped for many years past, that our relations with other Powers continue to be satisfactory, the foreign allusions in the Speech may be grouped under three heads, namely, things which have been done, and done successfully, things which have been done, but not so successfully, and things which are still a-doing. To the former group belong the Russo-Afghan Frontier negotiations (the settlement of which may produce a more friendly feeling between the two great Empires than has latterly been the case), and the Suez Canal and Hebrides Conventions. To the second group belongs our unsuccessful effort to patch up a peace between the Negus of Abyssinia and the King of Italy. To the third group appertain the Sugar Bounties Convention and the Anglo-American Fisheries Commission, the latter of which is far more important, and less likely to be satisfactorily settled, than the former. Irish affairs will no doubt, as usual, occupy much Parliamentary time; but they do not figure largely in the Speech. The Crimes Act is pronounced to be conducing to the re-establishment of law and order. No legislation in the direction of Home Rule is foreshadowed, but arterial drainage is to be developed, and more occupiers of land transformed into owners. As regards Great Britain, for several Sessions a neglected portion of the Queen's dominions, the legislative *piece de résistance* consists of the Local Government Bill, in which an attempt will be made to adjust more equitably the respective burdens of local and Imperial taxation. This may bring some comfort to the farmers, whose prospects are as dismal as ever, in spite of the alleged improvement of trade generally. The remaining Anglo-Welsh measures treat of subjects which have already been largely discussed, and are ripe for settlement, such as Land Transfer, Tithes, Railway Rates, Technical Education, Limited Liability Companies, and Employers' Liability for Accidents. A separate measure is to be introduced for dealing with Local Government in Scotland, which is to be treated to improvements in its University system and in the arrangements of its Burgh Police.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S ADDRESS.—Ever since Prince Bismarck delivered his great speech a good many writers have been engaged in proving that his actions do not agree with his words. Why, it is asked, should he have published the Austro-German Treaty if there was no immediate danger of war? The Chancellor dealt with this question plainly, and offered a perfectly satisfactory explanation. All over Europe it had been said that Austria and Germany were tired of the feeling of uncertainty due to the menaces of Russia, and that they proposed to put an end to an intolerable situation by formally demanding what the movements of Russian troops really mean. If this impression had been confirmed, it is obvious that an evil effect would have been produced on the Czar and his Counsellors; and, according to the German Chancellor, the object of the publication of the Treaty was to show, beyond all possibility of mistake, that the alliance between Germany and Austria was of a purely defensive nature. This accords with all the facts that are publicly known, and seems to be at least as probable as any of the theories suggested by the Chancellor's critics. Again, it is urged that, if there was a fairly good prospect of peace, Prince Bismarck would hardly have thought of asking that 700,000 men should be added to the army in time of war, and that in the mean time the cost should be defrayed by an expenditure of fourteen millions sterling. But why not? Prince Bismarck never said that there would not be war if Germany was not prepared for it. On the contrary, the whole tenor of his speech implied that the essential condition of peace was that his country should be strong. And, when he assured the Reichstag that there was no immediate cause for alarm, he plainly meant that Germany and Austria would not be attacked simply because attack would be useless. His references to Bulgaria, and to the possible consequences of Russian action there, were somewhat vague; but his tone was thoroughly pacific, and we may reasonably assume that he had very solid grounds for the hopes he so frankly expressed. It is not his way to say one thing and to mean another.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN ASIA.—Had some British Rip Van Winkle fallen asleep only ten years ago, his present awakening would, in one matter, have made him feel as if he had slept for a century at least. What! English and Russian officers travelling by train together, on the best terms possible, from the Oxus to the Caspian! Where did the railway come from? It passes, too, through the country of those fierce fighters the Tekke Turkomans, while the report actually states that the Russian officers gave a dance at their club at Askabad to their English *compagnons du voyage*.

Amazing! It seems only the other day that the idea of this railway ever being constructed was regarded as a merry jest. So wags the world; the impossible of one decade is the commonplace of the next. There are men of middle age who can remember when India neither possessed a single yard of railway or telegraph, nor grew a single blade of wheat. Much more surprising than the engineering triumphs of Russia in Central Asia is the reported *camaraderie* between the English and Russian officers. Here we have what might truly be called a moral victory—the abandonment of national prejudices on both sides under the influence of constant association while delimiting the Afghan frontier. Thrown together in a barbarous land among savage surroundings, the sympathy of their common civilisation drew them together, until Captain Yate and his colleague probably made discovery that Major Komaroff and his assistants were not such bad fellows after all. And why should not a similar *rapprochement* take place between the two great nations represented by these gallant officers? Whether we have to fight Russia for the hegemony of Asia or not, there is no reason why we should not live on friendly terms with her in the interim. She has become our neighbour in the East, and even those who would have preferred her room to her company must admit the unprofitableness of eternally bickering at one another. A man can be polite and courteous, and yet be perfectly prepared to keep his house against all trespassers.

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.—During his enforced retirement from the cares of statecraft Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has had ample leisure for reflection, and his meditations have undeniably served in some degree to detach him from the policy usually attributed to the present Government. He may not be going the way of Sir George Trevelyan; but his recent speeches show that, as regards Ireland, he demands more than a mere negative policy of repression; and that, as regards other matters, he is more Liberal in his views than most of the Liberal Unionists in alliance with the Conservative party have shown themselves to be. Freed, in short, from the trammels of office, Sir Michael poses as the candid friend of the Cabinet, and they will do well to listen to his advice. In the present juncture of affairs the country is quite content to let the Conservatives remain in power, provided that they boldly determine to carry out various reforms in which the mass of the public are genuinely interested. They must be careful to discredit Lord Burton's unkind remark that their "domestic legislation consists of political nutmegs made for show and not for use." Take, for example, the Local Government Bill. At present rural affairs are chiefly administered—and, on the whole, administered with economy and capacity—by a few persons of wealth and position. But, if this Bill is to command popular enthusiasm, it must unflinchingly provide for the transfer of the balance of power in rural communities from the classes to the masses. This sounds revolutionary, and so it is; but the reform has already been advantageously applied in urban municipalities, and it is not worth while "treading on local corns," as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach styles it, by the shifting of ancient boundaries and so forth, for the sake of a mere bogus measure. The Cabinet will, no doubt, say that there is no chance of their finding time to deal with two other of Sir Michael's recommendations, namely, the Church and the House of Lords. Yet reform is better than revolution, and if the pendulum should swing back again, and their adversaries should return to power, they will make short work of these two venerable institutions. One branch, at all events, of the Church difficulty must be dealt with at once, namely, the Tithe Question. The Welsh clergy are being reduced to destitution, and the Principality is becoming as disaffected as Ireland. To cure these evils very vigorous treatment is necessary, and unless Lord Salisbury sets to work with a will, he may find the pendulum swinging back with alarming rapidity.

SIR HENRY MAINE.—Sir Henry Maine, who died suddenly at Cannes last week, cannot of course be described as a popular writer, for his special subjects have little interest for the majority of readers. Few writers, however, have exercised so profound an influence on the thought of the present age in England. To many a student his work on "Ancient Law" seemed to open a new world, and his later book on "Village Communities" was in its own way hardly less fascinating. The secret of his power lay in his method. In his writings the comparative method, which had been so fruitful in physical science and in philology, was applied for the first time in this country to the study of institutions and customs, and the result was that a flood of light was thrown on subjects which had formerly been obscure. His patriarchal theory is no longer accepted by all scholars as a sufficient explanation of the origin of society; but this doctrine, and others which he upheld, formed the starting-point for many suggestive inquiries and speculations which, but for him, might never have been heard of by the present generation of Englishmen. So far as his ideas were concerned, he obtained much help from German writers, but it was certainly not to Teutonic instructors that he owed his style, the force, lucidity, and grace of which it would be hard to match in any contemporary literature. In his later years he devoted a great deal of attention to political problems. Here he was by no means so great a master as in the study of

"survivals" of primitive ideas. He had an almost passionate faith in the principle of free contract, but failed to show on what grounds, if we trust to free contract alone, we may hope to settle satisfactorily the pressing questions relating to poverty and crime.

ENGLAND DRYING-UP.—It used to be said that this country never had really suffered and never would suffer from drought. Sir John Lawes takes a very different view of the matter. He has satisfied himself by experiments at Rothamsted that, unless the coming spring and summer prove exceptionally wet, agricultural England will have a bad time of it for want of water. The springs, it appears, have not been fully replenished this winter, owing to the lightness of the rainfall which feeds them. But does it necessarily follow that because the springs are at an abnormally low level our fields must parch up and our crops wither away for lack of moisture? To the unscientific mind it would appear, on the contrary, that a reasonably abundant rainfall of the average type would redress the difference. But Sir John Lawes will not have raised this alarm—whether well or ill-grounded—in vain, if it be the means of drawing attention to our national wastefulness of water. Last week brought this defect into unpleasant prominence. Week after week, and month after month, passed with scarcely a shower to moisten the baked earth, farmers had nothing for it but to look on while their ruin was being accomplished. And why? Because no means exist for storing the superfluity of water, which is the normal condition of affairs. At one season wide areas are positively drowned, with great destruction of property; at another that plague of water is the one thing needful to save the crops. A flood is, after all, merely water in the wrong place; an over-brimming river represents the wilful waste of a possibly valuable commodity. Then, too, great reservoirs like those which are to be found in the East could be utilised for pisciculture, for boating, for skating, and for many other purposes. What is to prevent this being done? Nothing at all, except the ingrained belief of John Bull that his dripping skies will always insure him an adequate supply of water both for rural and urban use. The citizens of Liverpool know better; they did not require Sir John Lawes to give them warning, having already received it in an official notification that the quantity of water in stock is considerably less than one-third of what it was at the same date last year.

GAMBLING LEGISLATION.—We have dealt elsewhere with the Durham-Chetwynd difficulty, but as the Jockey Club are just now specially engaged in endeavouring to purify the Turf, a few words may be said on the subject of gambling generally. In the first place it seems strange, to a person devoid of wagering propensities, that such a noble and fascinating sport as horse-racing cannot be pursued for its own sake. If so-called "sporting men" were as fond of horses as they pretend to be, the exciting spectacle would suffice to satisfy them, while the owners of the winning animals would deem it a sufficient reward to receive as token of victory, not a substantial pecuniary prize, but something as intrinsically valueless as the crowns which the conquerors received in the games of ancient Greece. How delightful this would be, and how different is the reality! Probably not one "sportsman" in a hundred abstains from betting, and a large majority of the remaining ninety-nine care little for the amusement in itself, and rarely go to see a race for the sake of the sight, all their interest being centred in the gambling element. Betting is not in itself dishonest, but it is the fruitful parent of dishonesty, and hence we usually find at a race-meeting a greater congregation of sharpers and scoundrels than are attracted by any other kind of public amusement. In the second place our laws about gambling are curiously inconsistent. We allow heavy betting to go on at Tattersall's and elsewhere; we do not stop the quotations of racing prices in the newspapers; yet we fine heavily, technically for obstruction, the man who bets in the street; we banish betting-agents to the salubrious atmosphere of Boulogne-sur-Mer; and, though gambling goes on to any extent in fashionable clubs, we drop down heavily on a gentleman who allows "nap" to be played for money in a so-called "club" in Whitfield Street, Tottenham Court Road. The chief defence of this inconsistent legislation is that the rich can look after themselves, while the poor must be protected. The question remains whether the poor really are protected, whether the flavour of illegality does not enhance the mischief of gambling. Seeing that the propensity is practically ineradicable, would it not be wiser to recognise the fact, permit gambling under certain restrictions, and make it, like gin-drinking, a source of revenue?

GERMAN UNITY.—For some years after the Franco-German War it was often said that the German Empire would not last long. And if Germany had had no powerful enemies, it is probable enough that this view would have proved to be correct. "Particularism" has always been a great force in the Fatherland, and had there been no external pressure, the mutual jealousies of the various States—to say nothing of the mutual jealousies of Roman Catholics and Protestants—might soon have made an end of German Unity. But from the beginning it was recognised that the new Empire would have to be constantly on its guard. It was threatened on the one hand by France, on the other by

Russia, and only by being always ready to repel attack could it hope to maintain its independence. Hence the Empire, notwithstanding all the quarrels that have gone on in the Reichstag about home affairs, is stronger to-day than it was in 1871. The effect produced on political parties by a sense of common danger was most strikingly shown on Monday last. After the conclusion of Prince Bismarck's speech, leader after leader rose to say that the proposals of the Government were for the good of Germany, and must be accepted; and even the Socialist deputies refrained from voting against the Chancellor's schemes. When he left the Reichstag, his walk to his residence was made the occasion of an extraordinary demonstration of popular enthusiasm. Twenty-five years ago he was struck by a stone as he drove along the Unter den Linden, and the sympathy of the mob was not with him, but with the man who hurt him. On Monday he was surrounded by a vast throng, who cheered him as the foremost of the national heroes—as the statesman who, more than all others, represents the patriotic idea and sentiment. Russia and France, by maintaining a hostile attitude towards the German Empire, unintentionally do it an essential service. They supply the one force needed to prevent disintegrating influences from becoming dangerous.

SHAM FIRE CORPS.—It scarcely needed the police case which has come under notice this week to convince the public that some steps ought to be taken for the suppression of sham fire brigades. Like most other profitable impostures, they have come into existence through the easy-going habit of John Bull to give a trifle to almost anything put before him, if armed with the credentials of a good cause. The extinction of fires being a good cause, and the Fire Brigade being notoriously incapable of coping with them in remote suburbs, local corps "supply a long-felt want," to copy the phraseology of bubble company puffery. Therefore, when some horny-handed looking person with a big book, and honesty stamped all over him, calls on a householder in one of these localities and solicits a subscription for the fire corps, the odds are that he gets it. No doubt, there are some, perhaps many, of these auxiliaries which are perfectly genuine, and which do right good service. But the majority are, it is to be feared, of the other sort; rank impostures which have no other *raison d'être* than the provision of a comfortable living for their promoters. Blame not the householder too severely, however, for allowing himself to be fleeced. He has a valid excuse, after all; how is he to differentiate between the sham and the real? They come before him with precisely the same kinds of credentials—the horny hands, the big book, the honest look, characterise the one as much as the other. Not a difficult matter to remedy, one would imagine. If all the real auxiliaries were affiliated to the London Fire Brigade, and placed under its supervision as regards finance, Captain Shaw might, without much chance of harm, give them certificates of character under his hand and official seal. The sham gentry, bold as they are, would not venture to forge a spurious certificate, and as soon as householders became acquainted with the new system, the game of imposture would be at an end. The total amount given annually to these vile frauds would probably be sufficient to provide the suburbs with a fire service not less efficient than that under Captain Shaw.

SERVANTS' CHARACTERS.—"Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing. . . . but he who filches from me my good name," &c. So wrote Shakespeare (or Bacon), and no doubt the manservant on whose written character his master recently inscribed an injurious endorsement fully agrees with the dramatist. According to his evidence he had gone out to visit his wife, and returning at midnight had found the door shut against him. The damaging endorsement was to the following effect:—"We dismiss him for staying out all night, and leaving the door open." The manservant brought an action both for libel and damage, but was practically nonsuited, being accorded only nominal damages. The judges, however, have directed that the case, as regards the latter claim, is to be tried again. This decision seems justified by the facts, for there certainly seems to be something vindictive in thus cancelling permanently the good opinion entertained by a former employer. It is quite true that the licences of publicans and cabmen sometimes have unpleasant observations endorsed upon them, but, as Mr. Justice Manisty observed, the cases are not similar, "a licence is more than a mere character, it is a statutory authority to act." Looking at the subject generally, written characters are certainly less trustworthy than those obtained by a personal interview, as ladies especially are well aware, for they gauge the intending servant's character to no small extent by the opinion they form of the previous employer. But personal interviews are not always possible, and, therefore, employers, if asked for a written character when parting with a servant, should be careful to give their address and the exact date, and should also beware of speaking more favourably than truth demands. It is rarely on such occasions that employers write too harshly, they have no desire to court the annoyances of an action for defamation, but they are wont, from a mixture of timidity and good nature, to fall into the opposite error, and so an indifferent servant is passed on, like a doubtful shilling, from household to household.

CARDINAL MANNING'S SOCIALISM.—Cardinal Manning has often been spoken of lately as a Socialist, and many sage theories have been offered as an explanation of his acceptance of advanced political dogmas. He himself, however, has written to the *Times* to say that he does not hold the opinions attributed to him. Of Socialism, he even goes so far as to say "that it is the negation of all progress, and of all the social laws which wisdom, justice, and experience have sanctioned and matured." The truth is that the word "Socialist" is now far too loosely used. A Socialist in the strict sense is one who holds that all wealth is due to labour alone; that to labourers, therefore, all wealth should belong; and that this ideal ought to be realised by the State becoming the universal and only employer. But the name is constantly applied to persons who, although they are of opinion that the community has not hitherto done its duty by the poor, have no sympathy with these extravagant doctrines. Surely it would be better to keep the name for those whom it properly designates, and who accept it as a title of honour. All that Cardinal Manning has proposed is, that in a time of severe and exceptional distress work should be provided by local authorities, under rigid conditions, for the unemployed. It may be said that if this is not Socialism, it points in that direction. But the same thing might be asserted of the Poor Law, and, indeed, of every effort made by the State for the benefit of the people. The doctrine of *laissez faire* has been proved by experience to be impracticable, but it does not follow that those who have abandoned it are prepared to enter upon a crusade for the abolition of private property, and the making of all men equal.

GLAD TIDINGS FOR LANDLUBBERS.—How many times has an infallible cure for sea-sickness been proclaimed? Let us hope that the new specific will prove less delusive than its predecessors. After all, it can scarcely be called new. We have a dim recollection of certain tar-pills which at one time were warranted—like ice-bags on the spine—to prevent *mal de mer*. Those who took them declared that they only added a fresh terror to the malady. We trust this may not prove the case with antipyrine. It is a coal-tar product, being closely allied to aniline, and if we may accept the testimony given in its favour by M. Dupuy and M. Ossian-Bonnet, the problem which the Bessemer ship failed to solve is unravelled. But after so many disappointments sufferers will naturally feel incredulous, and it would be well, therefore, for their sakes to obtain more evidence. M. Dupuy rests his case on the successful treatment of some passengers on board an Atlantic liner. The other expert does not mention any particular instance, but contents himself with broad generalisations. All this is satisfactory enough as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough to convince sceptical victims. Has the remedy ever been tested on the people who "go out for a sail" at sea-side resorts, and return to land as limp and as yellow as ostrich feathers after being long subjected to a wet London fog? A boat at anchor in a choppy sea is another crucial trial for those who are not good sailors. But, if antipyrine will keep all right those who venture into the sleeping saloon of a Channel steamer during rough weather, scepticism must give place to belief. At all events, it is something of a gain to suffering humanity to have the matter again brought forward. Even if coal-tar products do not answer in all cases, they may in some, thus diminishing the aggregate amount of human misery, and entitling the discoverer to universal gratitude. But stay! What will the alarmist school say to the consequent facilitation of a French invasion?

To LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS.—In order to save trouble and disappointment the Editor begs to state that he has already on hand an ample supply of both LONG and SHORT STORIES for a considerable time to come.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "CHELSEA HOSPITAL ILLUSTRATED," II.



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LORD ARMSTRONG
Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords

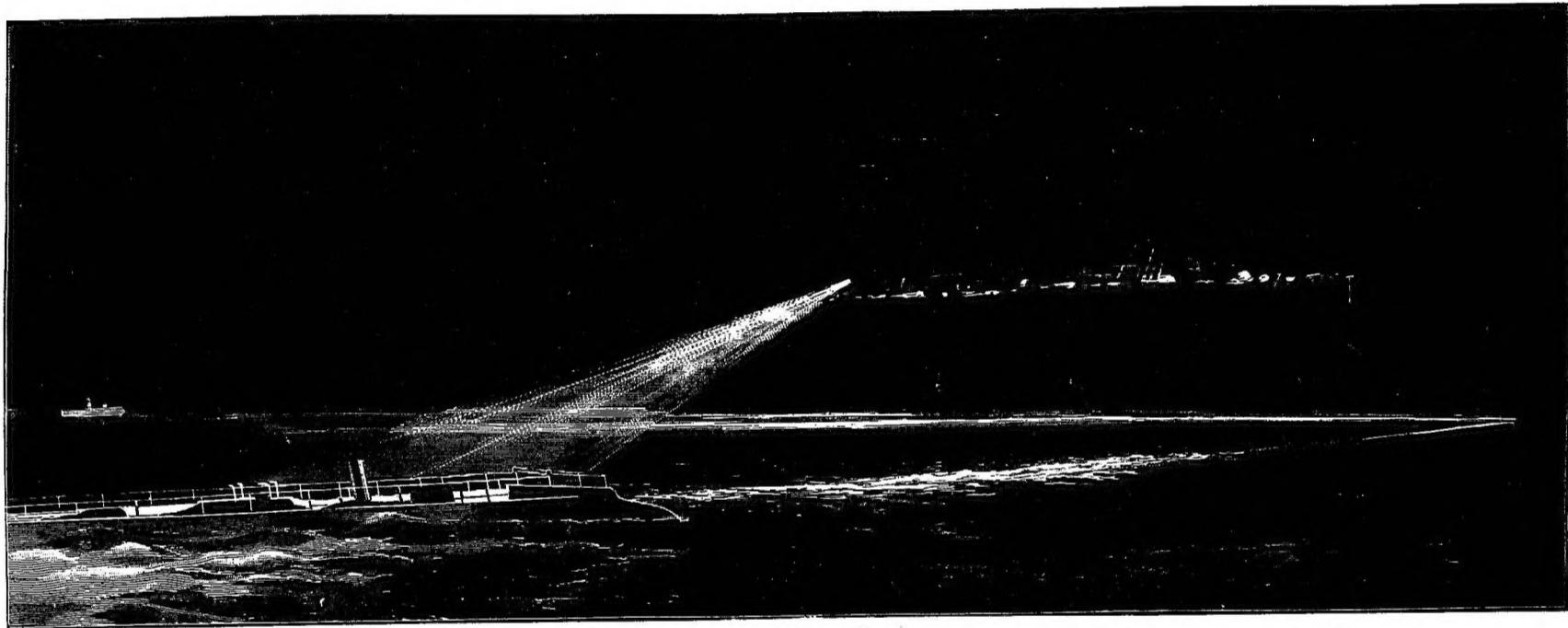


MR. J. L. WHARTON, M.P.
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons

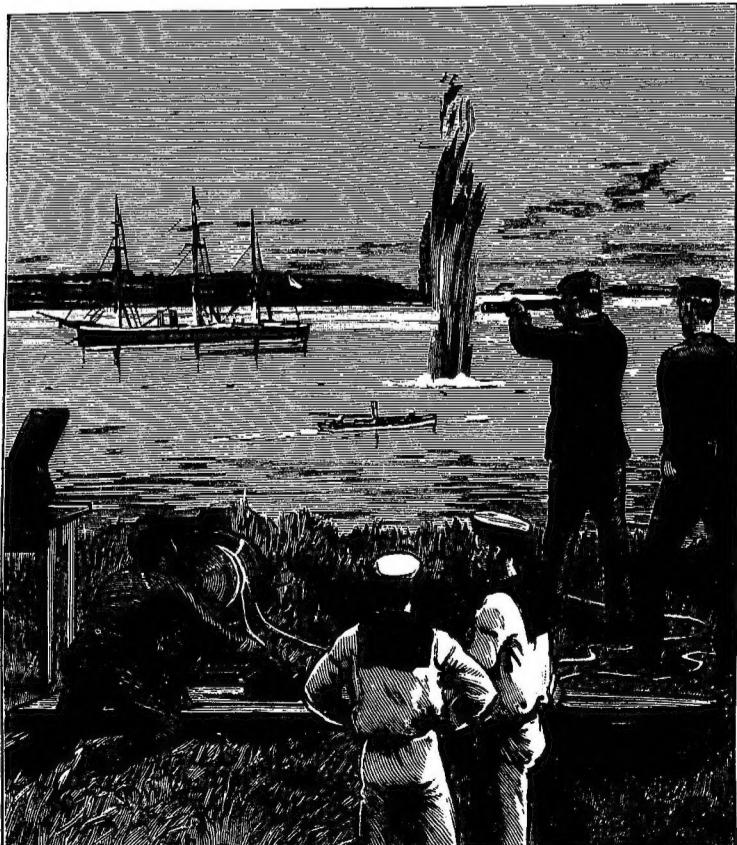


COLONEL FRANCIS DUNCAN, C.B., M.P.
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons

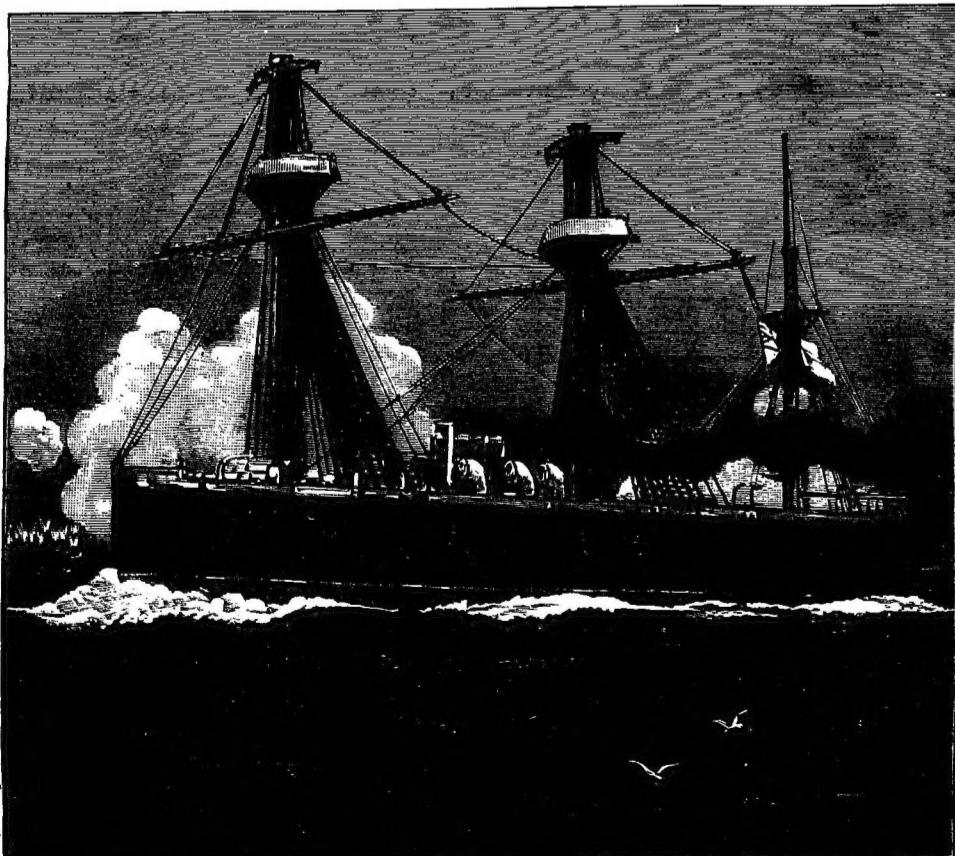
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



NIGHT ATTACK BY TORPEDO BOATS

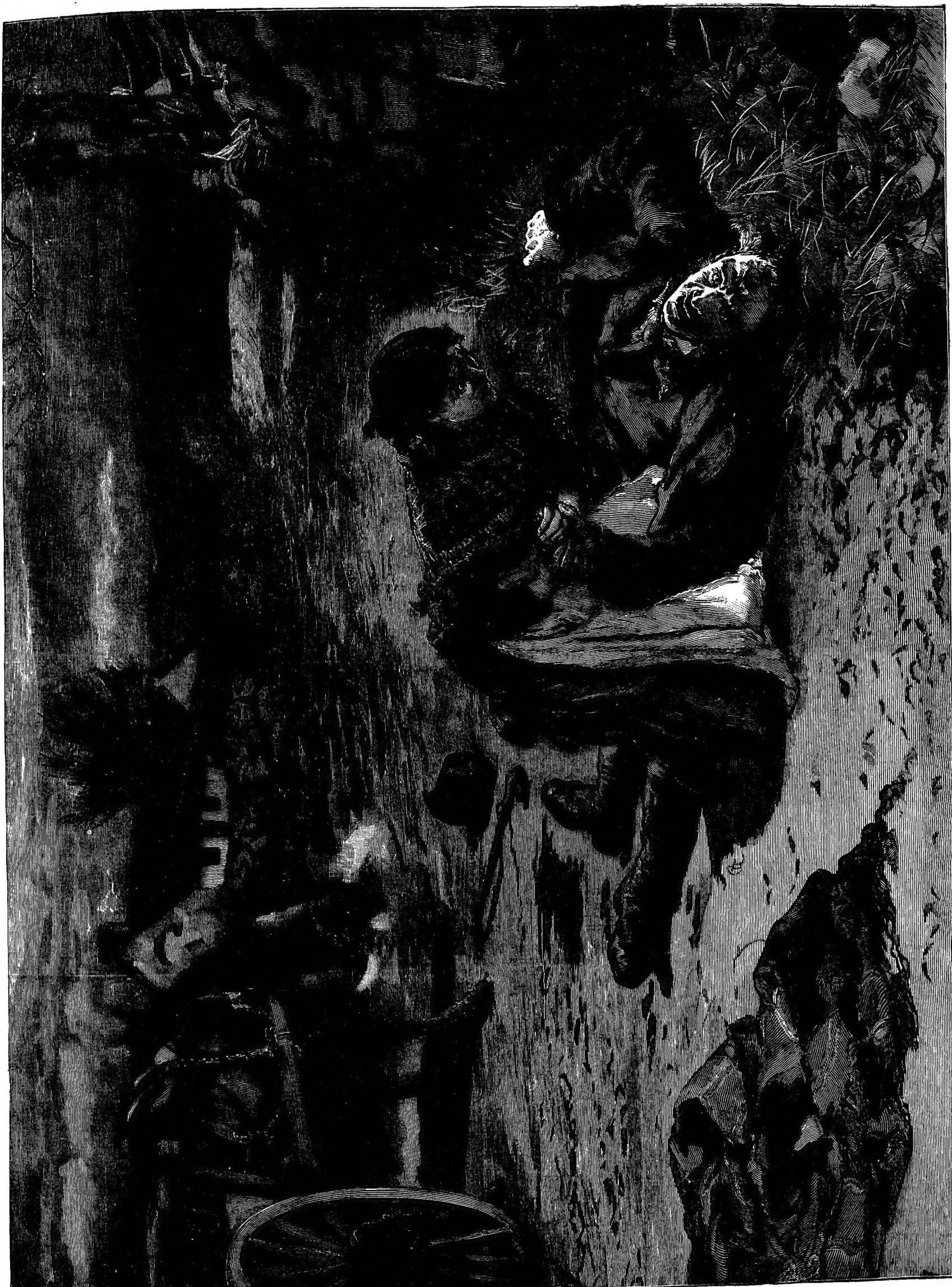


FIRING OBSERVATION-MINES FROM THE SHORE



THE "NELSON" AT TARGET PRACTICE

H. M. S. "NELSON" AT TORPEDO AND OTHER DRILL, IN JERVIS BAY, NEW SOUTH WALES



A brutal agrarian murder was committed in the early hours of the morning of Jan. 31, in the County Kerry. The victim was a feeble man of sixty-six years of age, named James Fitzmaurice. Having retained a farm from which he and his brother had been evicted, he was denounced as a land-grabber, and boycotted. For the past six months especially the boycotting has been so severe that Fitzmaurice sought police protection, which was given to him every night, but which did not extend over the day, as it was believed unnecessary.

BOYCOTTED AND MURDERED

A RECENT INCIDENT IN IRISH HISTORY

Fitzmaurice attempted to go towards his cart, and was only able to walk a few paces when he fell on the road, crying out in agony that he was dead. The two men then ran back along the road they had come, leaving the old man alone to be attended by his daughter. He was removed to an adjacent house, where he died an hour afterwards.

was paid to her cities. Fitzmaurice did not extend over the day, as it was believed unnecessary. There was an alteration; a struggle then ensued, but it did not last long, for his assailants, being young men, easily overpowered him, and finished their work by discharging a revolver shot each at the unfortunate man. His daughter screamed out, begging them not to murder her father, but no attention



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AT SAN REMO

THOUGH no official bulletin announcing the fact had been issued, it was generally admitted that the last medical consultation at San Remo, as well as the recent microscopical examination by Professor Virchow, had established that the Crown Prince is not suffering from cancer, but from perichondritis, or disease of the cartilage. Thus, hopes were entertained of his complete recovery, but it was expected that tracheotomy would, after all, have to be performed, though there would not be the danger which attends the operation in cases of diphtheria. On Monday there was a slight increase in the swelling at the lower part of the Prince's larynx, which, on any exertion, slightly interfered with respiration. On Wednesday, however, the symptoms had become seriously aggravated, so that Sir Morell Mackenzie and his colleagues held a short consultation, and determined to hold another on Thursday morning, when it was expected that it would be decided to perform tracheotomy without any further delay, so as to obviate the danger of suffocation. Our illustrations show some features of the Crown Prince's life at San Remo, which is essentially quiet and homely. The Prince's study is situated on the first floor of the Villa Zirio, as also the drawing-room, and the sleeping-rooms of the Prince and Princess and of the Countess Brull, the inseparable maid-of-honour of the Princess. The daily routine begins with early coffee at seven and breakfast at nine, after which, if fine, the Prince walks out with his wife and daughters. In our illustration he is shown inspecting one of the curiosity shops of the town. His eldest daughter is in front with him, the Princess and her youngest daughter—the latter much taller than her mother—being behind. Lunch is at one o'clock, and then the Prince drives out, always sitting with back to the horses, so that the wind may not affect his throat. By his side in our sketch sits Dr. Schrader. The Prince takes as much exercise as the weather and the state of his health will allow, but his daughters are constantly out of doors, while the Princess is an indefatigable walker. Their second son, Prince Henry, also frequently takes a sea-trip in the torpedo-boat which has been courteously placed at the disposition of the Crown Prince and his family by the Italian Government.

MOVERS AND SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS

THE motion for the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament was moved in the House of Lords by the Earl of Crawford, and seconded by Lord Armstrong; in the House of Commons it was moved by Mr. J. L. Wharton, and seconded by Colonel Duncan.

JAMES LUDOVIC LINDSAY, LL.D., F.R.S., twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford, and premier Earl on the Union Roll of Scotland, was born July 28th, 1847, was educated at Eton and Cambridge University, is an honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh, was formerly a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, is a J.P. for Lancashire and Aberdeenshire, and Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. He sat as M.P. for Wigan (C) 1874-80, in which latter year he succeeded his father in the Earldom. In 1869 he married Emily Florence, daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Edward Wilbraham, and by her has six sons and one daughter.

WILLIAM GEORGE ARMSTRONG, who was last year created Baron Armstrong, is the only son of the late William Armstrong, Esq., merchant, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He was born at Newcastle, November 26th, 1810. He began life as a solicitor, but presently turned his attention to scientific pursuits, and became a celebrated engineer. He introduced the present system of transmitting and utilising hydraulic power, he invented the "Armstrong" guns, he founded the Elswick Works, of which Company he is Chairman, and between 1858 and 1863 was engineer of rifled ordnance to the War Department. In 1835 he married Margaret, daughter of William Ramshaw, Esq., late of Bishop Auckland.

MRI. J. L. WHARTON, of Bramham, Tadcaster, is the only son of the late Mr. J. T. Wharton, of Durham and Aberford. He was born in 1837, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1862. He is a magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire, has for many years been Chairman of Durham County Quarter Sessions, and is a director of the North-Eastern Railway. He represented the City of Durham in Parliament between 1871 and 1874, and now sits for the Ripon Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. In 1870 he married Susan, eldest daughter of the Rev. A. Duncombe Shatto. This lady died in 1872.

COLONEL FRANCIS DUNCAN was born in 1836, and educated at the Woolwich Military Academy, and the University of Aberdeen. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1855. In 1883 he was selected to organise and command for two years an artillery force for the Egyptian army, and during the Nile Expedition he commanded at Wady Halfa. For these services he received the Osmanieh (third class) and the war medal. Colonel Duncan has written a history of the Royal Artillery, and many pamphlets on political and colonial subjects. He has sat since 1885 for the Holborn Division of Finsbury, and soon made his mark in the House by an excellent speech on the Egyptian question. He is married to a niece of Sir Edward Belcher, K.C.B.—We have failed to receive a likeness from the Earl of Crawford. Lord Armstrong's portrait is from a picture; the two others are from photographs by Russell and Sons, Camden Road and South Kensington.

H.M.S. "NELSON" AT TORPEDO PRACTICE

OUR sketches represent H.M.S. *Nelson* at torpedo drill in Jervis Bay, New South Wales. On the way down the coast the ship was cleared for battle, everything being sent down on deck, excepting the lower yards, and in this condition she came into the Darling Roads. The whole of the boats were then got out, and all the booms and rigging for the torpedo net defence placed into position. Next morning the mines were laid, and in the evening, as one of the sketches illustrates, two torpedo boats went away to make an attack on the ship. The cross ray of light is from an electric light-projector placed in a boat ahead of the ship. The other boat in the distance is the steam picket *Gnat* patrolling on the look-out for the second torpedo boat. The following day, the torpedo defences having been duly unrigged, the *Nelson* steamed to the centre of Jervis Bay for target practice, and this at an end she returned to her anchorage. Next morning, the whole of the top-gear having been replaced, the crew were set to work to test the mines which had been laid down. In the sketch the steam pinnace may be seen steaming through the line of mines, though of course at a safe distance from the explosion, which, as all the mines were indicated by buoys, was quite easy. Of course, in actual warfare, this would not be the case. Two observation stations were established on shore, at some distance apart, so that cross bearings could be obtained. The station shown in the sketch has just been signalled by the other station that, from its point of view, the boat is over the mine-field, so that, when she also appears to be over the field by these observers, the electric key is pressed and the mine exploded, as depicted.

BOYCOTTED AND MURDERED

TWO brothers named James and Edward Fitzmaurice were co-tenants of a farm belonging to Mr. S. M. Hussey, of Tralee, Co. Kerry, and situated at Ahabeg, between Tralee and Listowel. Two years ago they were both evicted for non-payment of rent. Shortly after James was reinstated as sole tenant of the farm. This caused an ill-feeling to spring up between the brothers; the Lixnaw branch of the National League condemned James as a land-grabber; he was rigidly boycotted; and his life was considered to be in such danger that he received police protection by night, though it was thought to be unnecessary during the day time. Early on the morning of January 31st, before the dawn of day, James Fitzmaurice, who was a feeble man sixty-six years of age, started in a cart for Listowel Fair with his daughter Joanna. The two constables who were on protection duty accompanied him for the first half mile, but he then turned them back, saying he did not need their services any further. Shortly after this two men came running after the cart in which Joanna was seated while her father was walking behind. She, feeling uneasy, advised him to mount and drive on fast, but the old man, believing they were friends, turned to hold a friendly chat with them as they came up. No sooner, however, had they reached Fitzmaurice than an altercation ensued, followed by a struggle, then each man fired a revolver at the unfortunate man, who after a few paces fell in the road, crying out in agony that he was dead. This terrible scene took place before the eyes (as far as the imperfect light would serve) of Miss Fitzmaurice. As soon as she could get the horse under control, for it had been startled by the shots, she drove back, and found her father stretched in a pool of blood near a stone wall. He lived for an hour afterwards. Of the many barbarous murders which have been committed in Ireland this is one of the most barbarous, and seems directly traceable to the action of the National League, which in June last passed a resolution calling on the public "to treat James Fitzmaurice as a land-grabber of the most infamous type." His crime, of course, was that he took the farm from which his brother had been evicted. James was steady, thrifty, and had means; his brother was of a different stamp.—Our drawing has been made from a description, not from a sketch taken on the spot.

THE SCOTTISH HERALDS PROCEEDING TO THE CROSS OF EDINBURGH TO MAKE A ROYAL PROCLAMATION

THE offices of Lyon King, Herald, and Pursuivant have existed in Scotland from a very early period, and are constituted by Acts of the Parliament of Scotland, and confirmed by Acts of Parliament of Great Britain in the reign of Her Present Majesty.

On the occasion of Royal Proclamations, the Heralds are accompanied to the Cross by a guard of honour and the band of the regiment stationed in Edinburgh Castle, also by six State trumpeters.

This ceremony is one of the few that remain of Scotland's ancient Royalty, and the procession forms a picturesque group as the Heralds proceed from the Sheriff's Court House to the scene of Proclamation, attired in brilliant costume, showing the quarterings of the British Heraldic Shield.

On arriving at the Cross, the soldiers forming the guard of honour file on each side, allowing the Heralds to pass up between to the doorway, where the Sheriff is awaiting them. (*This is the moment selected for our illustration.*) They now ascend to the upper balcony, where stands the original shaft of the old Cross, and, after a fanfare from the trumpeters who are stationed at the corner turrets, the Proclamation is duly made and responded to. The procession is again re-formed, and preceded by the military, returns to the Court House.

The office consists of eight members, comprising the Lyon King, George Burnett, LL.D., Advocate; the Lyon Depute, Jas. Lorimer, LL.D., Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh; three Heralds and three Pursuivants, viz., the Rothesay Herald, Mr. Jas. W. Mitchell, who takes his designation from the title of the eldest son of the King of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay; the Albany Herald, Mr. R. S. Livingstone, from the second son, Duke of Albany; the Marchmont Herald, Mr. J. Grant, from the ancient Royal Castle of Marchmont; the Unicorn Pursuivant, Mr. S. M. Livingstone, from the supporter of Scotland in the Royal Arms; the Carrick Pursuivant, Mr. F. J. Grant, from one of the titles of the Prince of Scotland, the Earl of Carrick; and the Bute Pursuivant, Mr. A. Ross, from the island of Bute.

A DAY WITH THE BARBARY PARTRIDGES

PLENTY of furred and feathered game will be found to reward the venturesome sportsman in Algeria. There are sand-grouse, bustard, courser, gazelle, antelope, and bubale (the largest of its order in Northern Africa), whilst in the mountains wild sheep abound. Further south, in the desert, are to be found the panther, the booted lynx, and the ostrich. Without, however, going so far into the Dark Continent, many a good day's sport can be found among the scrub and the cedar and evergreen oak-forests on the slopes of the Aures Mountains. Here the principal winged game is the Barbary partridge—a bird closely allied to the red-legged partridge—which has been introduced into Norfolk, Sussex, and other counties, with only too much success. The Barbary partridge is a thorough bird of the wilderness, and with water and a very small amount of cover can thrive in the most barren districts. Like its red-legged cousin, it is a fleet runner, and only takes to its wings when absolutely compelled to do so. It is pugnacious, though somewhat shy, especially when the love-season has passed. It is fond of perching on low shrubs or bushes, seldom wanders far from home, makes its nest under a stunted bush or beneath the shelter of a rock, and feeds on shoots of herbage, grain, and (in the summer) on insects and grubs. The eggs are ten or twelve in number, more richly spotted than those of the red-legged partridge. The Barbary partridge is a handsome bird, but, unfortunately, its flesh is dry and flavourless.

Mr. Charles Dixon, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, describes a shooting expedition, in company with an Arab named Achmed. He himself carried a double-hammerless breechloader, while the latter was provided with the usual long-barrelled gun of native manufacture. The natives do wonderful execution with these ungainly weapons, poor powder, and large shot; but then they often wait—French fashion—till their bird is at rest, instead of bringing it down brilliantly in mid-air. Achmed at once cut the throats of all birds that were shot, as a Mussulman is forbidden to eat any animal which has not met its death by the knife. At mid-day Achmed spread his robe on the ground and said his prayers, accompanied with arm-wavings and impassioned Arabic utterances. At sundown the spoil was counted—seventeen-and-a-half brace of Barbary, half-a-dozen doves, and a couple of choughs shot for specimens.

MILITARY SURVEYING IN THE HIMALAYAS

THESE sketches are by Captain Francis Carter, Northumberland Fusiliers, who writes:—"In the first sketch we start off to survey a piece of country, armed with our plain-tables and luncheon. Having worked hard for three hours, we rest and lunch; then we have a short nap. Our coolies also enjoy the friendly bubble-bubble, and drop off into forty winks. Some Langour monkeys on the neighbouring heights watch our proceedings with interest, and while we are fast asleep their curiosity gets the better of them, and they cautiously approach. They, in their turn, survey the ground.

Paterfamilias with an artistic eye completely destroys my colleague's sketch while the rising generation tests the Benedictine. Consequently, I am compelled to work for the rest of the day alone. Triangulation I find is difficult, as the natives are as inquisitive as the monkeys. More haste involves less speed; my coolie is no respecter of degrees or contours, and in his haste to get over the ground comes to grief, to the annoyance of a hill-bull grazing near at hand. The bull resents the intrusion. The intruder flies, but leaves my plain-table, which disappears down the khud, on the horns of the bovine beast. So there was the end of my second plain-table and our work for the day."

A BAZAAR IN MOROCCO

AN Asiatic or African bazaar is always a picturesque sight, the manifold nature of the goods displayed, the bright coloured costumes of vendors and purchasers, the muffled damsels attended by their swarthy escort, with here and there a swaggering warrior, or a wild-looking Arab, all forming a scene not easily to be realised elsewhere. Moreover, the bazaars, like the forum of the Romans, or the marketplace of the French and German peasants, do not merely form a place of business. They are the headquarters of the lounging and the gossip, the channel through which public news and private scandal are spread, and "I heard it in the bazaar" is the invariable remark, when one crony tells another some startling piece of intelligence. To the European visitor the bazaars always offer a never-ending source of interest, particularly if he be an artist, and can jot down in his note book some of those wonderful bits of colour and singular types of human nature which are so constantly passing before him.

The scene depicted was sketched by Mr. R. Talbot Kelly in a bazaar in Tangier. Two Moors, having concluded a bargain, are enjoying the inevitable friendly cup of coffee which attends every transaction there, and, before separating, are exchanging polite speeches and the latest *bon-mots* and gossip of the town.

SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL—THE OPENING SERVICE

LAST week we gave a full account of the restorations and repairs which have been effected in this sacred edifice. A few words, therefore, will suffice to speak of the service which was held on the 2nd of February to commemorate the reopening of the choir and chancel, which had been closed to the Bishop as an officiating prelate ever since the creation of the See. In spite of the coldness of the day numbers of people travelled to Southwell from Nottingham, Derby, Newark, and still more distant places. The congregation numbered about 2,000, of whom about 350 were clergymen. The ceremonies began with a perambulation of the building, a procession being formed, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury, several Bishops, and various other officials, clerical and lay, took part, the choristers meanwhile singing the *Benedicite*. The Bishops then knelt before the altar, when the Archbishop recited the Lord's Prayer, and, after the singing of the *Te Deum* to Elvey's music, offered up a special prayer. The procession, having then been re-formed, returned to the nave, where a throne had been placed for the Archbishop and seats provided for the accompanying prelates. After a portion of the usual Morning Service had been intoned, and Boyce's anthem, "I have surely built thee a house," sung, an appropriate sermon was preached by the Bishop of Lichfield from the text, Malachi iii., 4, "Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years." The Benediction was pronounced by the Archbishop.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL ILLUSTRATED
See page 145 et seqq.

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 149.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1793

THIS picture represents the interior of the House of Commons in the year 1793, with Mr. Pitt addressing the House, Speaker Addington occupying the Chair, and Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan seated on the Opposition benches. The picture was painted by Karl Anton Hickel, a distinguished historical painter, who was born at Leipa, on the borders of Bohemia, in 1745, studied at Vienna, and received a pension from the Austrian Government. After travelling in Switzerland, he settled in Paris under the patronage of the Royal Family. Queen Marie Antoinette and the Princesse de Lamballe frequently sat to him. After the fall of the French Monarchy, he was compelled to take refuge in England, and, in 1793, began a large picture, fifteen feet by eleven feet, of the House of Commons, containing ninety-six portraits, the size of life, many of them being striking likenesses. The picture was publicly exhibited in the Haymarket in 1795. It was to have been engraved by Cheeseman. This scheme, however, seems to have been abandoned, and the artist, after refusing a large price for his picture, took it with him to Hamburg, where he died in 1798. After this the picture for many years disappeared from public view, but was recently discovered in a store-room of the Belvedere Palace at Vienna. It had been purchased from the heirs of Hickel by the Emperor Francis in the year 1816. Owing to the exertions of Mr. Edward Stanhope, M.P., of Sir Augustus Paget, our Ambassador at Vienna, of his wife, Lady Paget; and of Mr. George Scharf, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, and others, the Emperor of Austria consented to present the picture to the National Portrait Gallery. The picture is at present in an apartment in the basement floor of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, where it has been deposited by permission of the Trustees and Director till a suitable and permanent gallery has been provided by the Government for portraits as a collection. Mr. Scharf observes:—"It is curious how few of the lesser personages in Hickel's picture have been identified."

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,894 deaths were registered, against 1,816 during the previous seven days, a rise of 78, but being 172 below the average, and at the rate of 23¹ per 1,000. There were 18 from measles (an increase of 2), 38 from scarlet fever (a rise of 9, and 4 above the average), 29 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 177 from whooping-cough (a rise of 9, and 73 above the average), 26 from enteric fever (an increase of 13), 3 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 4), and not one from typhus, small-pox, or cholera. There were 1,588 scarlet fever patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals at the close of last week, besides 92 in the London Fever Hospital. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 516 (a decline of 18), and were 125 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 55 deaths: 48 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 1 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 14 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,688 births registered, being 278 below the average.

A COMPANION OF THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO has just died in a little village of Upper Austria—the unfortunate Sovereign's confessor, Father Fischer. Having witnessed throughout the final act of the Mexican tragedy, Father Fischer leaves behind him some curious memories of the time; but they are not to be published till eighteen years after his death, lest they should wound the susceptibilities of political personages.

FEBRUARY 11, 1883



MR. GLADSTONE arrived at Dover from the Continent on Wednesday, and replying at Shorncliffe Station to a congratulatory address, made a speech on the Irish Question, in the course of which he remarked that in this country—almost alone of all the countries of Europe—we see the painful spectacle of one nation holding down another nation by force.

POLITICAL ITEMS.—The Fishmongers' Company, which is distinguished among City Companies for its Liberalism, and which has conferred its freedom on Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville, paid that honour on Tuesday to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and entertained him and other prominent Liberal Unionists at a subsequent banquet. Acknowledging the toast of his health, Mr. Goschen made a very cheerful and hopeful speech, in the course of which he expressed his satisfaction with the results of the recess, because it had shown the Unionists that whether they looked to England, to Scotland, or even to Ireland, they were stronger than they believed themselves to be six months ago. Referring to the refusal of the leaders of the Opposition to produce their new Home Rule programme, he attributed it to their painful consciousness of the fact that any programme of the kind would at once alienate a portion of their supporters either on the right or on the left. Among the other speakers was Lord Derby, who frankly expressed a hope that the House of Lords would have sense and courage enough to take the initiative in making the considerable changes in its constitution which had become necessary or desirable.—At West Bristol, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach emphatically repudiated the interpretation placed on one of his recent speeches, and proclaimed himself "absolutely antagonistic" to Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. In a temperate and tentative way, he suggested to the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists the advisability of considering whether their present alliance might not be utilised to reform institutions which their opponents, if in power, might seek to destroy. The Church would be strengthened if something were done to improve the present utter want of discipline, and to give parishioners, through their representatives, some voice in the selection of their clergy. Radicals were reluctant to reform the House of Lords, because they wished it to be weak. Because he wished to increase its authority, he was in favour of such a measure, among others, as the extension of life peerages, to allow able laymen of moderate means to enter it. On Wednesday, in London, Sir Michael presided at a dinner of the Constitutional Union, and spoke at some length on the question of Procedure, expressing approval of the proposal to increase the at present inadequate punishment for insulting and disorderly language and conduct in the House of Commons.—Addressing his constituents at Derby, Sir William Harcourt, in a speech even for him more than usually bitter, indulged in a sarcastic review of the unsuccessful resistance of the Conservative party to reforms of every kind, which would have been more effective for its object if the particular "reform" of which he has suddenly become the champion were not strenuously opposed by so veteran an advanced Liberal as Mr. Bright, who was carrying the Repeal of the Corn Laws when Mr. Gladstone was supporting them, and before Sir William Harcourt had left College.—Lord Carnarvon, now in Australia, has sent to the New South Wales papers a letter declaring to be "absolutely without warrant" the statement of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., that he had accepted Mr. Parnell's Home Rule proposals for Ireland as a plank in his political faith.—Mr. Cohen (G) having announced his intention of retiring from the representation of West Southwark, Mr. Beddall (C), who has twice unsuccessfully contested the seat, is in the field again, in opposition to Mr. R. K. Causton (G), who represented Colchester in the Parliament of 1880-85, but failed to keep his seat at the two last Elections.

IRELAND.—Mr. P. O'Brien, M.P. for North Monaghan, was convicted on Wednesday of having incited to the non-payment of rent, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour. Notice of appeal having been given, he was liberated on bail.—Mr. J. C. Flynn, M.P. for North Cork, was arrested on Wednesday, on the charge of taking part in a criminal conspiracy to prevent the payment of rent.—Mr. Wilfrid Blunt arrived in Dublin on Wednesday attired in prison garb, and was taken to Kilmainham Gaol, where he will remain until to-day (Saturday), when the trial of his action against Mr. Byrne, R.M., is expected to commence.—The Queen's Bench Division in Dublin have quashed the decision of the Limerick magistrates in convicting of a trespass, and fining, Colonel Pearse, who, on the occasion of a demonstration in that town commemorative of the so-called "Manchester martyrs," removed certain disloyal flags from the Mechanics' Institute.—At a Court, held under the Crimes Act, at Milltown Malbay, two local traders were sentenced to three months' imprisonment each, with hard labour, for refusing to supply goods to a female resident in the district, who had been boycotted.

A MEMORIAL STATUE of the late Duke of Buccleuch was unveiled in Edinburgh on Tuesday by the Earl of Stair.

THE DEATH, at Cannes, from apoplexy, in his sixty-first year, is announced of Sir Henry Maine, the distinguished philosophical jurist. He was the son of an Oxfordshire medical man, and, after a brilliant academic career at Cambridge, was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in that University, and, after being called to the Bar, Reader in Jurisprudence at the Middle Temple. In 1861 appeared his "epoch-making" book, "Ancient Law," and in the following year he was appointed Legal Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, an office once held by Macaulay. After his return to England he was made a member of the Home Council of India, and Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, his lectures delivered in that capacity furnishing material for a series of valuable works, among them the well-known "Village Communities in the East and West." In 1885 he declined the permanent Under-Secretaryship at the Home Office, offered him by the Conservative Government, and in 1886 the Chief Clerkship of the House of Commons, offered him by Mr. Gladstone; but he accepted, on Sir William Harcourt's resignation of it, the Whewell Professorship of International Law at Cambridge. He was a contributor to the *Times* and to the *Quarterly Review*, his articles in that periodical on the philosophy of politics, breathing a strongly anti-Democratic spirit, were reprinted, in 1885, in a volume entitled "Popular Government."

OUR OBITUARY records the death, on the verge of attaining his ninety-seventh year, of Lord George Quin, second son of the first Marquis of Headfort; in his ninety-fourth year, of Sir John B. H. Soame, eighth baronet; in his eighty-third year, of Sir William Johnston, founder of the eminent firm of W. and A. K. Johnston, geographical publishers, Edinburgh, of which city he has been Lord Provost; in his seventy-fifth year, of Sir Hugh Hoyle, ex-Chief Justice, Newfoundland; in his eighty-sixth year, of the Rev. Richard Martin, Canon of Truro; in his eightieth year, of the Rev. F. Watkins, late Archdeacon of York, and one of H.M.'s earliest inspectors of schools; in his seventy-fifth year, of Mr. Edward Lear, landscape painter and author, whose "nonsense verses," the first series of which,

"A Book of Nonsense," published in 1861, procured him more fame than his meritorious art-work and agreeable books of travel; in her hundred-and-fifth year, of Miss Caroline Heathorne, well-known as the "Maid of Kent"; and, at Rome, in her ninetieth year, of Mrs. Mary Howitt, once so well-known as a popular writer for young people, and as the literary assistant of her husband, the late William Howitt. Originally a Quakeress, she became in later years a Roman Catholic.



DURING Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, it came to be regarded as a matter of course that Her Majesty would add *éclat* to successive Parliamentary Sessions by opening the proceedings in person. During the full period of Mr. Gladstone's last Administration this mark of Royal favour was omitted. It was looked for again when Lord Salisbury returned to power, and about Christmas-time it was semi-officially stated that the Queen would open Parliament in person. If this intention had ever been held, it certainly was abandoned, and on Thursday the third session of the twelfth Parliament of Victoria was opened in the absence of the Queen. There was, nevertheless, in the immediate precincts of Westminster almost as much bustle and excitement as if Her Majesty were expected. For hours during the afternoon a crowd lined the side-walk facing the gates of Palace Yard, patiently waiting to see the celebrities arrive. One familiar figure was absent from the ranks of the police who paraded within the yard, and on the pavement skirting the railway. Chief-Inspector Denning, who for a generation has been as prominent a personage on successive opening days as the Prime Minister or the Speaker himself, was no longer to the fore. He has retired into private life after a long term of honourable service, carrying with him assurance of the respect and esteem of all those who have come in contact with him.

In the absence of the Queen, the Lords Commissioners, strangely robed, sat as usual on the Woolsack, and went through the empty ceremony which, as compared with what takes place in the presence of the Sovereign, is as sounding brass and as tinkling cymbals. Shortly before two o'clock there was a considerable muster of Members on the floor of the House of Commons. They came down to look up their lockers, to secure a seat, and to give each other greeting, which, for nearly an hour before Black Rod tapped at their door, they did in tumultuous manner. Of the number gathered, only a small proportion thought it worth while to struggle for places along the corridor, and crowd in the pen at the Bar of the House of Lords to hear the Queen's Speech read. Here again is a marked difference between the circumstances of the hour when the Queen opens Parliament in person, and when she delegates the duty to "Well-beloved Commissioners." So keen is the desire to be present in the stately ceremony in the Lords when the Queen sits on the throne, and the Prince of Wales stands at her right hand, that it is usual to ballot for precedence in the procession. First go the Ministers and ex-Ministers, and after them the Members who have come out first in the ballot. On Thursday there was no struggle for closer proximity to the little procession of the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms (with mace on shoulder), the Chaplain, and the Train-bearer. Any one might go first who cared to push himself forward, and, arrived at the House of Lords, he would probably discover that, on the whole, it was scarcely worth the endeavour.

Ten years ago, in the hey-day of the Disraeli Administration, the crowd of Commons plunging through the corridor for front places to see the Queen open Parliament was so great that Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, was knocked down in the corridor. The next year, when the Queen again opened Parliament, Mr. Disraeli walked in before her in the House of Lords, bearing the Sword of State and the title Earl of Beaconsfield. It used to be said in the Smoking Room that his experience in the corridor in the previous Session was not without its influence in bringing about this altered circumstance. Since he, as Premier, must needs be present in the House of Lords when the Queen opened Parliament, it was much more convenient to approach by the Peers' Entrance than on the crest of the excited wave of members rushing in from the House of Commons.

There were one or two incidents in the opening proceedings in the Commons that mark the great gap between this year and last. Last Session one of the first things that happened was the uprising of Lord Randolph Churchill from a corner bench behind Ministers, to explain why he no longer held a seat on the Treasury Bench. Afterwards another absence from Ministerial circles, perhaps more profoundly regretted, was explained by the touching reference made by Mr. W. H. Smith, and supplemented by Mr. Gladstone, to the still recent death of Lord Iddesleigh. On Thursday Lord Randolph Churchill's appearance on a corner bench was a matter of course and of habit; and here, from back seat on the Conservative side, was Sir Stafford Northcote in the flesh, ready to catch the Speaker's eye. This time last Session the owner of this familiar title was known as Mr. Henry Northcote, member for Exeter, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. In the mean time he has been made a baronet, and the House of Commons hears with mixed feelings in these new circumstances the familiar and revered title, "Sir Stafford Northcote," echoing once more through the Chamber.

These are some of the things that mark the beginning of the now Session. There is one of more serious import, which seems to shew that though the Sessions pass they resemble each other. Last year the very first business taken up by Ministers after the Address was agreed to was the Reform of Parliamentary Procedure, with special reference to the Closure. A notice given by Mr. Smith on Thursday seems to intimate that we are exactly where we were. Procedure, with the Closure in the forefront, is this Session, as last, to claim the earliest attention of the House of Commons. After that, as the Queen's Speech has announced, and as notice given by Mr. Ritchie specifically declares, the House will be required to devote its time and labour to the Local Government Bill. Beyond these two fields of labour—either of them almost sufficient to exhaust the energies of the House during a Session of ordinary length—there is quite a respectable vista of minor measures, which the House of Commons shrewdly suspects it will not hear much more of. If in a single Session it reforms Parliamentary Procedure and passes a Local Government Bill, it will have deserved well of the country, and may fairly relegate to less absorbed Sessions the ordinary measures mentioned in the Queen's Speech.

The proceedings of Thursday were eloquent of the kind of Session we are likely to have. The subdued excitement of the crowd outside was faithfully reflected on the floor of the House. The Government have set the field in battle array for settlement of the Procedure Question and of the Local Government Bill. The first, they hope, will be their Quatre Bras and the second their Waterloo. But it often happens that Ministers propose and other sections of the House of Commons dispose. In the very first hours of the Session it was plainly discerned in notices of motion given, in questions put, in cheers and counter cheers, and in many little personal incidents that what the House of Commons was thinking of is the state of Ireland. However carefully the Parliamentary feast may have been prepared by Her Majesty's Ministers, it is evident that this is a skeleton the intrusion of which at the board no human power can prevent.



"WANTED, AN ASS. CURATE" is the singular demand of a London vicar, according to an advertisement in the latest issue of a High Church weekly journal.

THE SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS have received permission from the Queen to prefix the word "Royal" to their original title.

A JUVENILE EXHIBITION will probably be held at Melbourne during the coming Centennial festivities. It is thought that the productions of the boys and girls of the colony will prove of the greatest interest, and may bring to light many a genius in the branches of art, science, and manufactures.

THE FALLS OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN are after all to be turned to commercial use. One-fourth of the water-power—about 1,500 horse-power—will be utilised for some aluminium works, which are to be constructed close by in spite of energetic efforts to prevent the scheme being carried out.

A CITY SUBMERGED BY THE SEA for 1,000 years has just reappeared above the waters. The town of Haigen, north of Ning-po, in China, was completely overwhelmed during the Sung dynasty, and lay buried till quite recently, when the sea gradually receded and exposed the remains of buildings. Quantities of vases, plates, and domestic utensils have accordingly been recovered—of the utmost interest to Chinese historians.

THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, next year, promises to be the largest held in the United Kingdom since the great London Exhibition of 1862. Space has been allotted to 1,400 exhibitors, while the guarantee fund reaches 300,000. Several supplementary displays will be opened in connection with the Exhibition, such as a Scottish historical collection in the Bishop's Palace, and the Mary Queen of Scots Exhibition, originally intended to take place in Edinburgh.

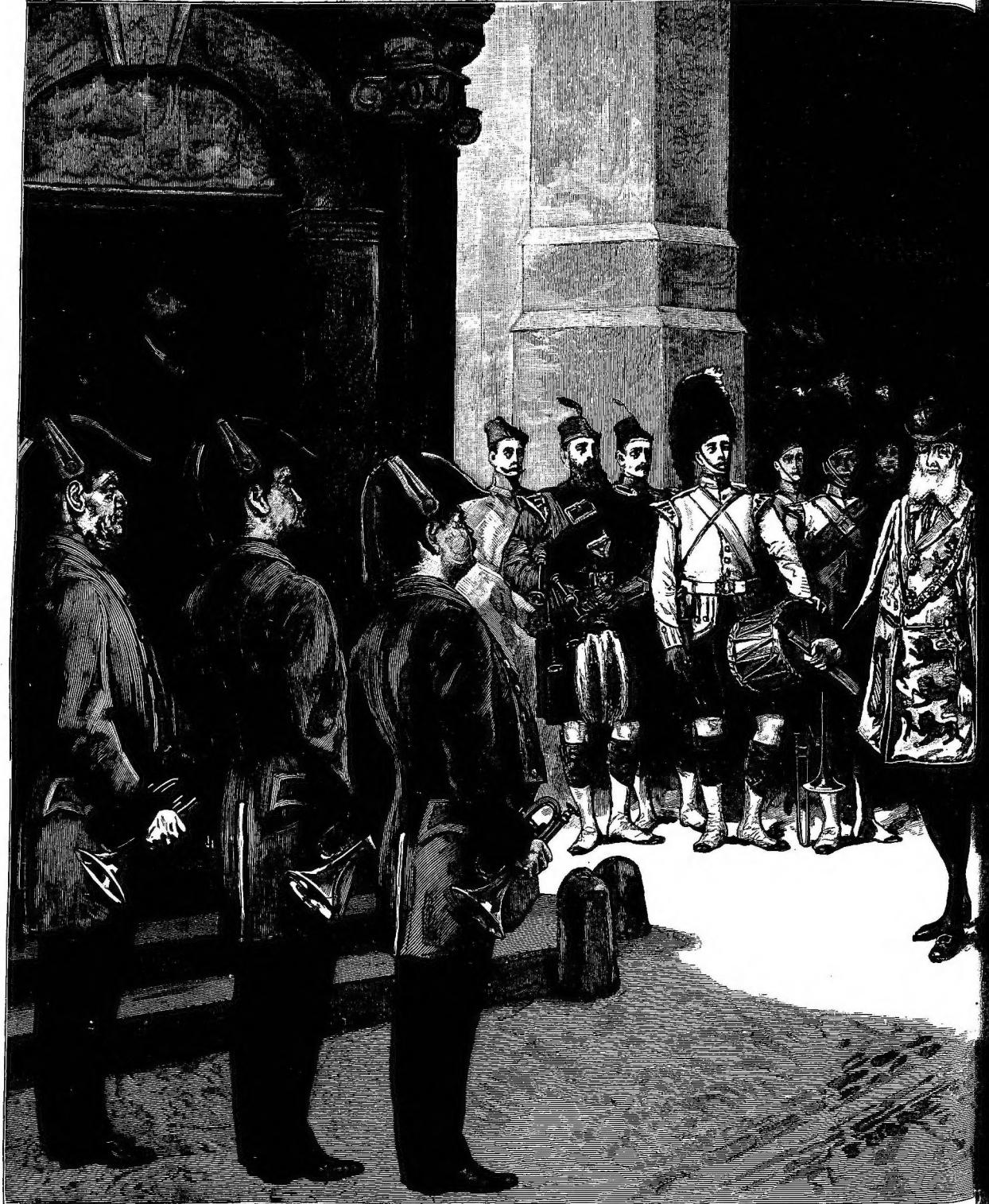
LOVERS OF THE OLD BRITISH SEA-SONGS will take an interest in the efforts being made to save the tomb of Dibdin from being swept away. Dibdin was buried in the old graveyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in Pratt Street, Camden Town, which is now to be turned into a recreation ground. So, unless steps are speedily taken to preserve the old tomb or erect a fresh monument, all memorial of the author of "Tom Bowling" will go the way of the other three hundred and twenty gravestones doomed to make room for grass-plots and gravel paths.

THE PARLIAMENTARY RECESS has been utilised for some important alterations and restorations at Westminster. Six new private rooms are arranged for the Ministers, who can thence reach the House by a special staircase; the fresh drainage system is finished, after over a year's work; and the restoration of the west front of Westminster Hall goes on apace under the direction of Mr. Pearson, R.A. He has carefully preserved the ancient Norman work, dating from William Rufus, the old flying buttresses being reproduced minutely, so that in many cases the original stones are replaced in the position they have filled for centuries. Under these buttresses a double-storeyed gallery is being erected to contain eight rooms for the sittings of Committees, Royal Commissions, &c. One of these apartments is to be fitted with a curious stone mantelpiece, which formerly stood in a chamber on the same site occupied by Queen Elizabeth, and which still bears her initials.

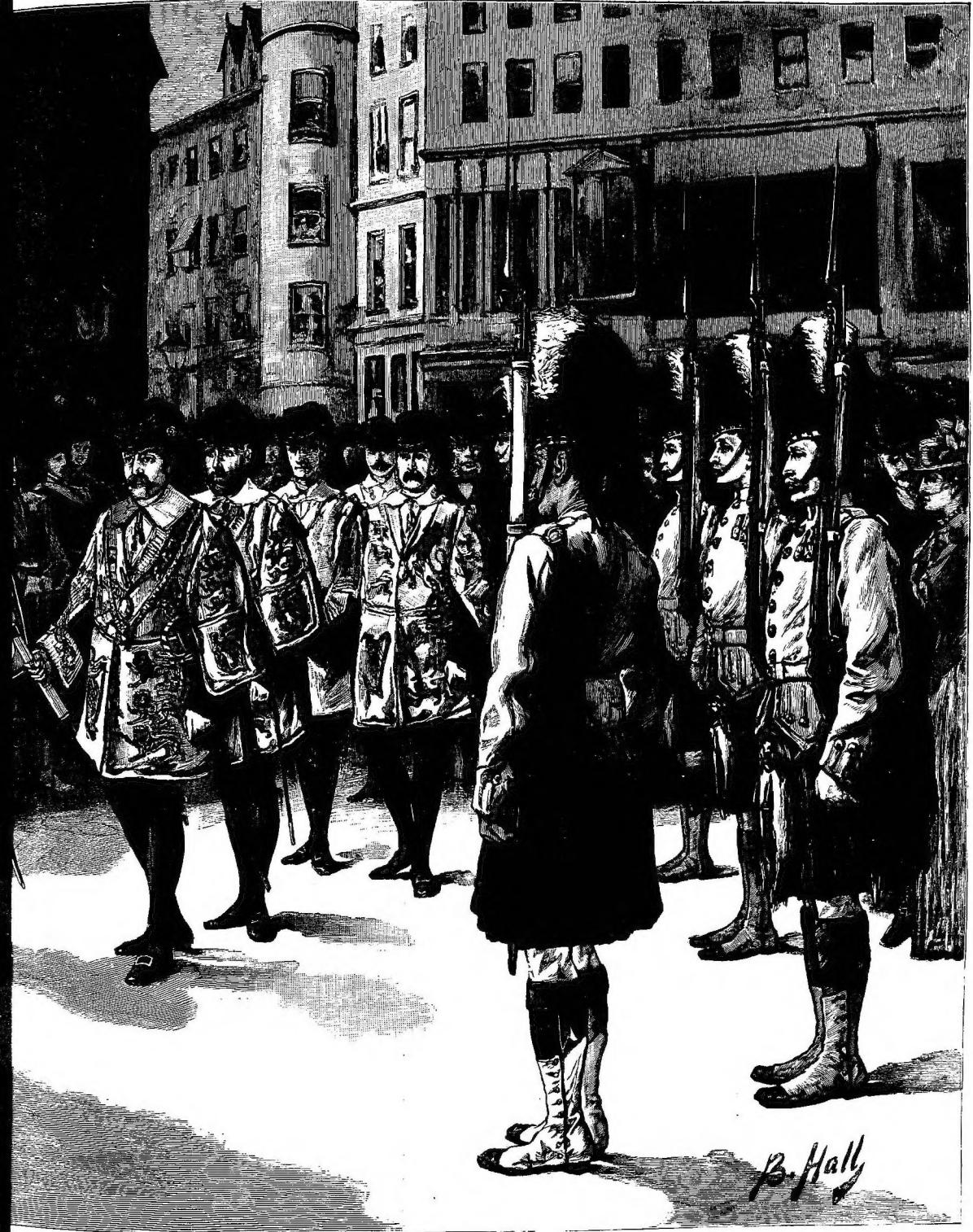
A MISSING PICTURE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS is being anxiously inquired after by Mr. George Scharf, of the National Portrait Gallery. It is one of a quartet depicting Mary at her execution, the three others being in the collections at Windsor Castle, at Cobham Hall, belonging to Earl Darnley, and at Blair's College in Edinburgh—this last having been originally bequeathed to the Scots' College at Douai, France, by one of the Queen's waiting-women, Elizabeth Curle. The missing fourth was sold from Earl Godolphin's collection in 1803 for five guineas to a well-known picture dealer, Mr. Woodburn, who had extensive connections with the Continent, and it has never been heard of since. It was a large full-length work, and represented Queen Mary kneeling at the block with the executioner holding the axe above his head, Dean Fletcher reading prayers, the two commissioners, the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, standing by, and the Queen's women and gentlemen in the background.

THE NEW GALLERIES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, due to the White Bequest, will be opened to the public next week. They are devoted to pottery, glass, and Japanese pictorial Art, and are beautifully arranged. English ceramic Art, hitherto somewhat poorly represented at the Museum, now claims a whole room, which illustrates the varied types of British pottery and porcelain from the rude products of Norman times down to elaborate modern manufactures. Some English pottery overflows into the next room—a fine large gallery—which is chiefly filled with Persian and Eastern ware, and German and Italian pottery. After these cases comes the glass collection including the Slade Bequest, and among the Egyptian specimens here is the most ancient piece of glass in the world to which a date can be assigned—a dusky piece representing a lion's face, and inscribed with the name of a monarch whom the great Egyptologist Lepsius calculates to have lived about the middle of the twenty-fifth century B.C. Another ample gallery next door contains selections from the Japanese and Chinese drawings collected by Mr. Anderson, and bought by the Museum some years ago. Old and modern masters are alike represented, and the caricature style, now usually to the fore in Japanese art, is much in the minority, most of the pictures being admirable and realistic natural studies.

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN, who is to be our guest for some weeks at Bournemouth, devotes most of her time at home to charity and literature. Rising at eight in the morning she gives three hours—from nine to noon—to audiences, receiving persons of all classes who need help and counsel. She has founded numerous charitable organisations in Sweden, taking especial interest in the improvement of women, but—perhaps her favourite charity is a Nursery Institute in Stockholm, the "Drottningens Sjukhem," somewhat on the plan of the nursing sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, which Queen Sophie herself founded, and in which she still takes a considerable share in the management. Like her husband, King Oscar, the Queen has strong literary tastes. Every morning she reads a quantity of foreign newspapers, being a capital linguist, while in the afternoon she looks through any correspondence or work connected with her charitable institutions before touching any new books. She is extremely religious, and very strict in her devotional observances, while long years of bad health have forced her to lead a very secluded life, abstaining from most Court festivities. But in spite of her seclusion and simple tastes, the Queen keeps up much Court state, and will not allow ladies to join her evening circle without appearing in full dress. Queen Sophie is of middle height, with chestnut hair, worn smooth and plain; straight nose, and soft blue eyes concealed behind glasses, as she is very shortsighted. She has a charming smile and a sweet voice. Prince Oscar, who now accompanies her, is tall and fair, with a handsome beard, of charitable and literary tastes, like his mother, and an excellent technical sailor. His future bride, Miss Munck, is also fair, not very tall, and possesses fine blue eyes.



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—THE SCOTTISH HERALDS PROCEEDING



THE CROSS OF EDINBURGH TO MAKE THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION



Two important historical events have to be recorded this week. The German-Austrian treaty of alliance against Russia—the existence of which has long been suspected, though the exact details have not been known—has been made public, and Prince Bismarck has uttered one of his uncompromisingly frank speeches on the European situation, which, while dwelling upon the importance and necessity for peace, warns the world that, should occasion arise, the *furor Teutonicus* will “flame out” with irresistible force. To take the events chronologically—the German-Austrian Treaty was concluded in 1879, and provides that should either Power be attacked by Russia, the other would be bound to assist its ally with its whole military force. Should, moreover, either of the two allies be attacked by any other Power than Russia (manifestly France) the Power not attacked binds itself not to assist the aggressor, and in the event of Russia entering the field to declare war against her at once. The treaty concludes with a stipulation that, unless both contracting parties agree otherwise, the treaty is to be kept secret, but that should Russian military preparations prove threatening, it should be “regarded as a point of honour” to inform the Czar, confidentially, that Germany and Austria would regard an attack on either as an attack on both. The publication of this treaty at the present time, and in view of Russia’s concentration of troops, made a profound impression upon all Europe, and was regarded as a warning to Russia to soften down her hostile attitude. Simultaneously with the appearance of the treaty, however, came an announcement that Prince Bismarck would make an important speech in the Reichstag on Monday, nominally on the Bills for increasing the German army, but virtually on the whole European situation.

The German Chancellor fulfilled the most sanguine expectations. Dismissing the subject of the military Bills with the remark that they were certain to be voted, he plunged in *medium rem*, by remarking that it was the horoscope of the general state of Europe which had led to the demand for advancing the German armaments, and that he feared if he did not speak upon the existing situation he would rather “intensify than diminish the disquietude in public opinion, and the nervous feeling in Germany and foreign countries.” Referring to his speech a year ago, when Germany dreaded that a war might be thrust upon her by France, he remarked that one peace-loving President had been succeeded by another peace-loving President, and that the French Ministers now in power “subordinated their plans to the peace of their nation and of Europe. The fears,” he continued, “which had arisen this year referred to Russia rather than to France—on account of the warlike attitude of her Press, and the rumours of military centralisation on the frontier.” With regard to the Press he declared no one was behind an anti-German article save he who held the pen, while he placed absolute belief and confidence in the words of the Czar, by whom he had lately been received in audience, and who, he was convinced, cherished no bellicose designs against Germany. Coming to the massing of troops he pronounced this military concentration to be no new thing, and to in no way intimate an intention to attack either German or Austrian territory. No reason existed why Russia should attack her neighbours, and moreover he did not believe that were Germany to be involved in a French war a Russian attack would follow, but on the other hand were Russia to declare war she would be immediately supported by France. He presumed the reason for the Russian action to be, that in the next European crisis the weight of Russia’s voice in the diplomatic Areopagus of Europe would be the heavier the further she moved her troops towards her Western frontier. While, however, assuming that Russia awaited a new Eastern Crisis, Prince Bismarck does not see that Germany would be “primarily interested in it.” Indeed, she would be in a position to wait until the “Powers most concerned”—viz., those in the Mediterranean and the Levant—had made up their minds either to agree with Russia or to fight her. Consequently, before Germany would assume any attitude she would ascertain the “positions taken up by the Powers most interested.”

Prince Bismarck thus inferred that he did not regard the present European situation as grave, and declared that the military measures were not intended to meet a momentary emergency, but to permanently strengthen the defensive resources of the Empire. After reviewing the history of the past forty years, he argued that the peril of a great war had become chronic with Germany, and that consequently she must be prepared at any moment to meet any coalition which might be formed against her. From her geographical position Germany was more exposed to a hostile coalition than any other State. Russia had only her western, and France her eastern, border to defend, while Germany lay between France, “the most restless and warlike of nations,” and Russia, “with growing bellicose tendencies.” Then Prince Bismarck, passing on to the relations of Prussia and Russia, detailed at length how he had always tried to serve Russian interests, and quoted as instances the abrogation of the Black Sea Treaty and his advocacy of Russian views at the Berlin Congress, where he even went to the length of visiting Lord Beaconsfield in the middle of the night, when he was ill in bed, in order to carry an all-important point. His surprise and disappointment, accordingly, were considerable when, in the following year, German policy was bitterly attacked in the Russian Press, and Germany was requested to exercise an influence upon Austria which the latter would undoubtedly have regarded as a question of prerogative. If Germany had estranged herself from Austria she would have become dependent upon Russia, and this would have been unendurable, so that, in 1879, stimulated by threats of war in the south, the secret treaty which has now been published was concluded. Its publication, however, he continued, must not be construed into a threat against Russia, as the text has been known at St. Petersburg for some time past. The Prince then alluded to “similar treaties between us and other Governments, and particularly agreements which we have come to with Italy.” Nations do not make war from hatred, he remarked, nor are we united merely by feelings of friendship to our allies, “but also by the most cogent interests of the European balance of power and our own future.” He next pronounced a panegyric on the German troops, declaring that they were superior to those of other armies, and that, even if other nations brought forward a more numerous force—an unlikely contingency, seeing that Germany will have a million on each frontier and two millions in reserve—such good soldiers, and in particular such skilled officers, could not be placed in the field.

As to the Bulgarian question, Prince Bismarck declared that the treaty rights which Russia acquired at the Congress of Berlin decidedly gave Russia a preponderating influence in Bulgaria, and recent occurrences could in no way modify these. Thus, while Germany would not support “violent methods, or advise recourse to them, she would certainly assist Russia if she should attempt to make good her rights by diplomatic means—for instance, by inducing the Sultan to intervene as suzerain of Bulgaria.” In any case, he declared “Bulgaria, that tiny bit of a province, is not an object sufficiently great for Europe on its account to be plunged into a war extending from Moscow to the Pyrenees, and from the North Sea to Palermo—a war of which no mortal can foresee the results. At the

close of the war the combatants would scarcely know why they had fought at all.” Once more, in conclusion the Prince affirmed that he did not believe in any immediate breach of the peace. The speech was received with the utmost enthusiasm in the Reichstag. The leaders of every party rose, and gave their adhesion to the Army Bills, the preliminary stages of which were at once voted. When Prince Bismarck had finished Marshal von Moltke shook him warmly by the hand, and when the Prince appeared in the streets he was escorted to his residence by a dense throng of people.

Foreign opinion, on the whole, regards the speech as a good augury for peace, although no nation altogether likes the very frank and bluff tone Prince Bismarck has adopted to each individually. In FRANCE, while admitting that Germany, by increasing her forces, intends to hold to her policy of maintaining the European *status quo*, the allusions to French policy and characteristics are pronounced “superficial, and unworthy of a great politician;” while in RUSSIA the *Nevoe Vremya* pronounces the speech an “artistic production,” and remarks, “we expected no blessings, and our first impression of it is favourable and tranquillising.” The semi-official *Journal de St. Petersbourg* considers that as Prince Bismarck has emphasised the purely and exclusively defensive character of the German-Austrian Alliance, and has expressed absolute confidence in the Czar’s word, “we may conclude that the maintenance of peace is absolutely assured.” In AUSTRIA the speech is characterised as one of the most important manifestations of the day, but by no means sufficient entirely to dispel existing uneasiness. Austria, of course, does not take the same view as Germany with regard to Bulgaria; and the declaration respecting Russia and her rights in the Balkans are not altogether to Hungarian liking. It is not considered improbable, however, that it will pave the way to an eventual understanding with Russia.

We have a rather alarmist speech in ITALY from Signor Crispini, who looked upon the publication of the German-Austrian treaty as a reminder addressed to those who might wish to disturb peace, and told his hearers significantly that it was impossible to think of economising either the military or naval expenditure. Indeed, the general feeling is far from peaceful, and there is much talk of recalling the regular troops from Abyssinia, so as to be ready for any eventuality nearer home, especially as it is believed that Italy’s agreement with Germany and Austria provides for the despatch of troops to Bulgaria in the event of Russia invading that province.—The Pope, in a conversation with Cardinal Simeoni, has expressed a wish that the Irish Bishops should preach to the people of Ireland respect for the laws, and a calm and prudent line of conduct. He also announced that if possible he would send a permanent Apostolic delegate to Ireland.

FRANCE has been indulging in a “scare about the navy,” as certain revelations which have been made in the debate on the Naval Budget have proved that the condition of the French Navy is by no means efficient, the squadrons being under-manned, the torpedo boats being defective, Toulon and Cherbourg being in a practically defenceless state, and vessels belonging to the second line of defence being unprepared. Other topics have been the candidature of M. Flourens for the Hautes Alpes, the rupture of the negotiations with Italy for the Commercial Treaty, the annual banquet at Paris of the British Chamber of Commerce, at which Lord Lytton made a pleasant speech, remarking that the “important interests of the British Chamber of Commerce in the French capital were vitally concerned, and materially conducive to those good relations between England and France which it is my duty to promote,” and the reconciliation of M. Floquet and Russia. Not only has the Russian Ambassador chatted with the audacious Radical who saluted the Czar with the shout of “Vive la Pologne,” but he has actually accepted an invitation to a grand banquet given by M. Floquet. M. Wilson has been committed by the investigating magistrate, M. Athalin, to trial by the Correctional Tribunal on the charge of obtaining money for procuring decorations. His Secretary, M. Ribaudeau, and Madame Ratazzi are included in the indictment. Another distinguished person, Prince Philip of Bourbon, son of the Count of Aquila, cousin of the ex-King of Naples and of the Emperor of Brazil, has been condemned to thirteen months’ imprisonment by default, for swindling a priest out of 600.

In SPAIN there have been some serious riots in the Rio Tinto Mining Districts. The English Company which is working the mines had desired to reduce the wages of the miners, whereupon the latter struck, and, joined by the peasantry, became riotous. A detachment of soldiers was sent to the spot, and the Governor of Huelva addressed the rioters, exhorting them to keep order. The miners responded by firing pistols and dynamite cartridges, and the soldiers were then ordered to fire upon them. The miners attempted to charge the troops, and finally retired into the outskirts of the town. Reinforcements were then procured, and order restored. There is much ill-feeling against the British Company, as the country round the mines has been devastated by the sulphur fumes, caused by smelting the copper, while the peasantry are stated to suffer much in health from the noxious vapours. Señor Castellar has made an eloquent speech reviewing the political situation, condemning the constant increase of armaments and the policy of conquest followed by various Powers. He exhorted Spain to avoid such a policy, and to follow the path of peace and progress, and urged the benefits to be derived from a general disarmament.

In INDIA Lord Dufferin for “private reasons” has intimated his wish to resign at the close of the year. Her Majesty has accepted his resignation, and he will be succeeded by Lord Lansdowne, at present Governor-General of Canada. The financial proposals of the Government, which were summarised last week, have been freely discussed and unanimously accepted by the Legislative Council, and Lord Dufferin, in closing the debate, remarked that the real financial difficulty was the instability of silver. Although that must continue to be a source of anxiety, he was glad to say that the news from Burma and the Shan States was very good, that the country was being rapidly pacified, and that China was doing everything to cultivate friendly relations along the Burmese frontier, as well as to bring about a settlement of the Sikkim difficulty. A small surveying party, under Lieutenant Stewart, of the Leinster Regiment, was attacked in the Chittagong hills last week by a band of Kuki raiders. Lieutenant Stewart, a private of the Leinster Regiment, and sepoy were killed.—Mr. Thirkell White, secretary to the Chief Commissioner, has been appointed to officiate temporarily as Commissioner for the northern portion of Upper Burma, including Mandalay.—The Afghan Boundary Demarcation Commissioners, having finished their work, have reached Usunada, where they embarked on Monday on their return to London via Baku and Odessa. The demarcation of the frontier is now complete, the last boundary post standing on the left bank of the Oxus, fifteen versts above Bosaga.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from EGYPT that there has been a raid at Suakin by a party of rebels from Handoub on some cattle and gardens near the water forts. They were pursued by the mounted patrol, but the latter being few in number were cut off, and two of the Camel Corps were killed.—In the UNITED STATES the Senate is busily discussing an Extradition Bill with England, but there is very little chance of it being passed. The various strikes continue, and serious rioting is reported amongst the men of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway at Shenandoah, Pennsylvania.—In CANADA also the operatives of the large cotton mills at Cornwall, Ontario, have struck work. Lord Lansdowne

will be succeeded as Governor-General by Lord Stanley of Preston, Lord Derby’s brother, who, as Colonel Stanley, was Secretary of State for War some years since.—In ABYSSINIA the Italians are completing their outer chain of defensive forts at Massowah. On Sunday there was a skirmish with some of Ras Alula’s men, in which nine of the latter were killed. On Tuesday there was another slight skirmish.



THE arrangements for the Queen’s visit to Florence next month are now being completed. Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry, will cross the Channel on March 20 in the *Victoria and Albert* from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, where, as on former occasions, the Royal party will sleep on board their yacht in the harbour. Next day they go on to Paris, but will merely skirt the city, and continue straight on via Dijon, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and Turin to Florence to take up their quarters in the Villa Palmieri. The villa is some distance outside Florence, standing on the slopes which lead to Fiesole, and commands magnificent views over the Valley of Arno. Probably San Remo will be taken on the road home, as the Queen only intends to spend three weeks in Italy. At present Her Majesty remains in the Isle of Wight till next Thursday, and numerous guests have been at Osborne. The Prince of Wales stayed four days. The Earl and Countess of Lathom and Mr. Goschen also joined the party, and on Saturday the Bishop of Ripon arrived. In the afternoon Mr. St. John kissed hands on his appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Servia, and subsequently the Queen and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein drove through New Cowes and Newport. Next morning Her Majesty, Prince and Princess Henry, and Princess Victoria attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Bishop of Ripon officiated, the Bishop also joining the Royal party at dinner. On Monday Mr. Balfour arrived and dined with the Queen, and on Tuesday Her Majesty held a Council to formally approve the Royal Speech for the Opening of Parliament on Thursday. Most of the chief Ministers were present, and the Queen also gave several audiences, and knighted Dr. Tindal Robertson and Mr. Owen Roberts.—After endowing the proposed Nursing Institute from the Women’s Jubilee Offering it is likely that a surplus will be left, and that this surplus will be spent on a pearl necklace for the Queen, as a personal memento of the Jubilee.

The Prince of Wales rejoined the Princess and daughters at Sandringham, on Saturday, after his visit to the Queen. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene’s, where Rev. H. Smith officiated, and the next day the Prince came up to town. In the evening he was present at the concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society, and on Tuesday he went to the official meeting of the Jockey Club and to the Royalty Theatre, while next day he witnessed the Kempton Park Steeplechases. On Thursday the Prince would attend the opening of Parliament, and in the evening would be present at a burlesque performance given by the Guards, and last (Friday) night he was to leave England for the Riviera, stopping at Paris on his way to Cannes. Probably the Prince will be absent about three weeks, the Princess and daughters remaining at Sandringham. Prince Albert Victor has rejoined his regiment at York, after staying with Julia, Lady Middleton, at Settrington House, Malton, where he had some excellent hunting. Prince George has returned to Malta in the *Dreadnought*.

Princess Christian continues her free dinners at Windsor on Fridays, and her Fund has now opened a free registry office for working men and lads needing employment.—The Queen of Sweden, together with Prince Oscar, and his betrothed, Miss Munck, are expected in London this week on her way to Bournemouth. Her Majesty has stayed en route with her sister, the Dowager Princess of Wied, at Cologne, and subsequently with her youngest son, Prince Eugene, who is studying art in Paris. The Royal party were met at the Paris station on Saturday by the members of the Swedish Legation, but as Queen Sophie travels quite *incognito* as Countess Haga, she remained in strict privacy at Prince Eugène’s apartments in the Rue Balzac. President Carnot called on the Queen soon after her arrival.—King Luis of Portugal is ordered change of air after his severe attack of pleurisy, and will shortly leave Lisbon for a trip in Northern Europe.—The Empress of Austria is also recommended change to relieve her rheumatism, and she will shortly try Aix-les-Bains.—Now that the Crown Prince of Italy is of age, his marriage is very widely discussed. One report recently asserted that he would marry his cousin, the Princess Letitia, daughter of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, but the latest bride assigned to the Prince by rumour is Princess Henriette of Belgium, eldest daughter of the Comte and Comtesse Flandre, who is just seventeen.—It is stated that the Crown Prince of Germany may probably go on leaving San Remo in the spring to Görz in the Tyrol, where he would occupy the villa of the late Comte de Chambord. The Crown Princess and daughters on Monday visited the Water-colour Exhibition at San Remo, to which the Princess has contributed a picture.



THE BISHOP OF CHESTER was the Select Preacher before the University of Cambridge on Sunday, and in his sermon he referred to the loss sustained by the death (noticed in our “Home” column) of Sir Henry Maine, whom he called “that great man, scholar, lawyer, philosopher, and administrator,” and who, he said, will be missed “in far wider circles than ours, wide as they are—in Government work and counsels, in Indian business, in every region of legal and historical investigation.”

THE CLERGY of the Archdeaconries of Southwark and Kingston-on-Thames having signed a memorial suggesting that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Rochester should devise some scheme for giving “episcopal unity” to the county of Surrey, the Bishop of Rochester says, in a communication to his Diocese, that should all Surrey be made into a separate Diocese, if it is to be worked properly the Bishop may eventually want two Suffragans, and should the Diocese of Rochester remain as it is, the time cannot be long delayed when he must apply for one.—The two new Bishops Suffragan of London and Lichfield (Bishops of Marlborough and Shrewsbury) will be consecrated in St. Paul’s on Friday, the 24th of March, the Feast of St. Matthias.

CARDINAL MANNING, in a letter to the *Times*, defends his proposal for the temporary employment of the poor when out of work from the charges that it is “Socialistic,” and that it involves the establishment of “National Workshops.” These he strongly condemns, pointing out their dangers, while he contends that such a system does not in any single point resemble “the local and transient relief of the unemployed in a moment of distress, within the limits of a parish, and under the eyes of vigilant care.”

THE REV. J. S. ROGERS, the well-known Congregational minister, has been delivering a course of lectures at the Memorial Hall on the "down grade" controversy raised by Mr. Spurgeon. In the concluding one he described those of his Communion who were advanced in their Evangelicalism, and wished to be generous and broad in their sympathies, as "ground between the nether and upper millstone of an extreme Calvinism on the one hand, which they could not accept, and a Rationalism on the other, to which they were resolutely opposed."



THE OPERA.—The various operatic questions are now practically settled. Instead of three or four companies competing against one another, as during last summer, we shall this year probably have only a limited number of performances by one Italianised troupe. No opera of any sort will be permitted at Drury Lane, which theatre has been taken for six weeks certain, with the right to continue for another six weeks, for the revival of the tragedy *Nitocris*. Signor Lago will have no opera, and Covent Garden has been hired by Mr. Augustus Harris for two months, the lease being definitely signed on Thursday of last week. Mr. Carl Rosa has decided to have no London season. Mr. Mapleson is temporarily out of the question; and, although there are rumours of a syndicate to secure performances of opera in German, French, and Italian at Her Majesty's, yet it is more than probable that the performances of Italian opera will this summer be limited to Mr. Harris's thirty-two representations at Covent Garden. Mr. Harris has re-engaged Signor Luigi Mancinelli and Mr. Randegger as conductors, and he has likewise secured Mesdames Albani and Nordica, MM. J. and E. de Reszke, Ravelli, del Puente, Lassalle (probably), and some of the minor artists of last season.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Early next week the Committee of Management will proceed to the election of a Principal in succession to the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. Mr. Walter Macfarren has wisely withdrawn his pretensions to the post, and the two candidates now prominent before the Committee are Mr. Joseph Barnby and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie. Both are musicians of eminence, and both are old students at the Academy, but as Mr. Mackenzie is more of a composer than a teacher, and as Mr. Barnby has had very great experience at Eton College in organising and directing the musical studies of a large establishment, it is not improbable that he will ultimately be preferred. Both candidates are willing to make sacrifices, Mr. Mackenzie to relinquish his Continental residence, and to live permanently in London, and Mr. Barnby to give up the important and lucrative office of Precentor at Eton College, which from the point of view of mere income is thrice the value of the Royal Academy Principalship. Between the conflicting qualifications of the two candidates the Committee will have a difficult matter to choose, but it is satisfactory to know that whatever selection be made, the Academy will secure the leadership of a man of undoubted eminence. The new Principal will be relieved of the purely administrative portion of his duties, which will be undertaken by Mr. Thomas Threlfall, the new Chairman of Committee.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Dr. Joachim will make his re-appearance at the Popular Concerts on Monday, and will remain till Easter. Madame Schumann will probably make her *entrée* on the 27th inst., so that the last portion of the Popular Concert series will, as usual, be by far the most interesting of the season. The chief items of the last two programmes were Schubert's Octet and Beethoven's Septet, both repeated with the same cast as before. There was a slight disappointment on Monday, a Haydn quartet being substituted for Brahms' quartet in C minor, Op. 51, No. 1. The latter work could not be rehearsed in time, as Madame Norman Néruda had slightly injured one of the fingers of her right hand, and was compelled to give it rest.—Madame de Pachmann (*née* Maggie Okey) gave a pianoforte recital on Monday. Her best efforts were Brahms' early Sonata in F minor, Op. 5, and Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise. She also played Beethoven's rarely-heard Rondo à capriccio, Op. 129, and works by Schubert, Henselt, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, J. F. Barnett, and herself.—"Recitals" have also been given by M. Pradeau and Mr. Lindo; and on Wednesday a Polish lady, who has adopted the English title of Miss Esther Barnett, gave at St. James's Hall a pianoforte concert, which, despite a tentative appearance some time ago, was her real *début*. This young girl, who is a pupil of Mr. Thomas Wingham, at the Guildhall School of Music, is a pianist of more than promise. Miss Barnett is indeed only seventeen, and consequently lacks the physical power which will doubtless come with maturity. But she is so obviously highly gifted, she has so delightful a touch, and her mechanism is so accurate, that she can hardly fail to make a name in musical life.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—Two more of these concerts have been given under Mr. Henschel's direction within a week. On Thursday last week the programme included Beethoven's Concerto in G, played by Miss Fanny Davies, Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and other things, but more particularly a *scena* sung by Mr. Sankey, from an opera by a new composer, Mr. George Marshall Hall. Mr. Hall is a grandson of that eminent physician the late Dr. Marshall Hall, and has studied music in Berlin, though since his return to England he has principally followed the profession of a teacher of languages. He is still very young, and apparently he has sought to begin his musical life by composing three grand operas in the most advanced style of Richard Wagner. Such a temptation to youthful musicians is no doubt strong, but as time goes on they grow out of it, and recommence in far more modest and successful fashion. Mr. Marshall Hall's *scena* is supposed to be Earl Godwin's defence before Edward the Confessor and the Six Witan. It is intended to be accompanied by choruses of "lords of the Church, vice kings, crown officers, thegns, and ceorls," but no chorus is available at these concerts, and accordingly part of the effect of the *scena* was lost. The extraordinary error which Mr. Hall has committed in laying the scene of Earl Godwin's trial in Westminster Hall does not appear to have been perceived by anybody until the public performance. Westminster Hall was of course not built till after the Norman Conquest, that is to say, in the reign of William Rufus.—On Tuesday evening, the anniversary of Wagner's death (on February 13th, 1883) was observed somewhat in advance of the correct date. The symphony was Beethoven's *Eroica*, which, with its "funeral march on the death of a hero," is peculiarly appropriate to such an occasion. The rest of an interesting, though wholly familiar, programme was devoted to Wagner, and it included the prelude and death scene from *Tristan*, the "Siegfried Idyll," and the *Parsifal* prelude, the last-named work being rendered in far superior fashion to the rest.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Upwards of 12,000 people attended the performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* on Saturday afternoon at the Albert Hall, where the "half-holiday" bids fair to become a very popular time for oratorio concerts. Mr. Lloyd, thoroughly restored to health, was the tenor, Madame Nordica, who has prudently taken the kindly hint forbidding operatic gestures on the concert platform, gave a capital rendering of the soprano music, Mr. Henschel was

the Elijah, and Mrs. Belle Cole the contralto.—On Monday, a Smoking Concert was given by the Royal Amateur Orchestra.—On Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel held another vocal recital, and in the evening the usual Ballad Concert was given.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Little Josef Hofmann has been re-engaged by Mr. Abbey for a second tour in the United States next autumn and winter. His projected recitals in England are accordingly relinquished.—Mr. Manns has returned from Glasgow, and the Crystal Palace Concerts will accordingly be resumed on Saturday of this week.—*The Meister*, a new English quarterly Wagnerian review, will be issued for the first time on Monday next.—Mr. Eugène d'Albert will give a series of recitals in Paris next month, but it is doubtful whether he will, this season, re-appear in London.



THE dramatic version of Mrs. Campbell Praed's novel, "The Bond of Wedlock," produced at the OPERA COMIQUE on Wednesday evening, with the title of *Ariane*, furnishes Mrs. Bernard Beere with another artistic triumph, and is likely to prove one of the most attractive of the pieces in which she has appeared. The story of the play is, unfortunately, somewhat painful; for it deals with the machinations of a wealthy admirer of a married lady to free the object of his passion from the encumbrance of a worthless husband by deliberately tempting the latter into misconduct of the sort that leads to the Divorce Court. As in this atrocious but successful scheme he is aided and abetted, from the basest of motives, by the father of the lady, it will be seen that Mrs. Praed has not cared much to soften the repulsive character of the situation. Why, it may be asked, will lady novelists persist in imagining such dreadful things? But that is a question with which we are here only indirectly concerned. Mrs. Bernard Beere plays the part of the lady sorely tried, on the one hand, by a brutal husband, and sorely tempted, on the other, by the rich and passionate admirer who would have her forget her marriage vows, with great power and command of pathos. For reasons obvious enough, the novelist, with some assistance in the construction from the hands of Mr. Richard Lee, has chosen to exchange the merry ending with a second marriage to a tragic dénouement—the divorced wife being slain by her husband with the same pistol with which he puts an end to his own worthless life. The play is sumptuously mounted, and is, on the whole, very well acted by a powerful cast, which includes Mr. Henry Neville as the husband, Mr. Marius as the scheming father of the heroine, and Mr. Leonard Boyne as the heroine's wealthy admirer, together with Miss Laura Linden, Mr. Denison, and Miss Fanny Coleman in less conspicuous parts. The performance, which was received with great favour, was witnessed by the Prince of Wales and suite.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt will appear in *La Tosca*—M. Sardou's latest drama—at the LYCEUM Theatre, which will be available for the purpose during the summer. Miss Mary Anderson's season will then have terminated.

Meanwhile, M. Mayer is arranging to reproduce *Nitouche* at the ROYALTY without Madame Judic, which is a large omission. Confidence, however, is felt in her successor, Mdlle. Wittmann.

Mr. Toole, who has been suffering for some time from a severe attack of gout, expects to be able to reappear in *Dot* at his theatre this evening.

To-day (Saturday), at the LYCEUM, Miss Mary Anderson appears in a *A Winter's Tale* in the afternoon, instead of in the evening.

Of the new drama, entitled *Mirage*, brought out by Mr. Edwin Cleary at the PRINCESS'S on Thursday afternoon, we shall have something to say next week.

A morning performance of *A Scrap of Paper* is to be given at Cromwell House to-day, by permission of Lady Freake, under the patronage of the Duchess of Teck, who has promised to be present. The profits are to be given to St. Katherine's Home, Fulham.

Mr. Pinero is writing a new comedy, or rather three-act farce, which is to be produced by Mr. John Clayton at the opening of the new COURT THEATRE.

The original drama of Russian life, by Messrs. Percy Lynwood and Mark Ambient, which was produced with success at a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre some time since, is to take its place in the regular evening bill of the OLYMPIC after the run of *The Ticket of Leave Man*. It is a play in four acts entitled *Christina*, and has, we believe, been revised by the authors for this purpose.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL SICK FUND.—The Anniversary Dinner in aid of the Benevolent Branch of this Institution will be held at the Hôtel Métropole, on Ash Wednesday, February 15th. H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P., will occupy the chair.



DUDLEY GALLERY ART SOCIETY

ALTHOUGH it contains no work of great importance, the present water-colour exhibition at the Dudley Gallery is quite as good as any of its recent predecessors. Some members of the Society show decided improvement on their previous work, and indications of ability are to be seen in the drawings of two or three artists hitherto unknown. Two large sea-coast pictures, "Ebb Tide" and "Home of the Fisher Folk," by Mr. Richard Wane, are most suggestive of space, and more firmly painted than anything we have seen by him. Mr. Hubert Medlicott's "Vauxhall Bridge" has many good qualities, including harmony of composition and general truth of effect, but the opacity of the sky detracts something from its value. His smaller drawing of "Limehouse from Cherry Garden Pier" is more luminous in tone and in better keeping. Among many ably executed drawings by Mr. C. E. Hern, the view of "Bridge Reach, Rochester," is remarkable for its delicately modulated and truthful colour. Mr. Rupert Stevens also shows a true sense of colour in a broadly-painted and effective drawing, "A Bit of Old Hastings." The point of view is well chosen, the picturesque fishing-boats in the foreground, and the dilapidated old buildings behind, forming a singularly picturesque combination. In a smaller study, "Hayfields on the River Lea," by the same artist, the appearance of suffused light and moist atmosphere is extremely well rendered.

One of the most striking and effective works in the collection is Signor Settimio Giampietri's large "Beneath the Portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina." The figures are not very well introduced, but the reflections of light and colour on the shadowed side of the massive columns, and the brilliant sunshine on the Roman Forum without, are most truthfully rendered. The architectural features of the scene are correctly designed, and painted with breadth and vigour. In a view on "The Rhine near Anderach," suffused with warm evening light, Mr. James Webb has very cleverly imitated the executive method of Turner. A small study of

picturesque fishing boats "In Brixham Harbour" shows that Mr. M. J. Cleminshaw, whose name is new to us, is gifted with artistic instinct, and a fine sense of colour. Careful observation of nature, combined with adequate technical skill, is also to be seen in a bright and effective view "On the Esk," by Mr. David Green. Two faithful and artistic studies from nature, by Kate Macaulay, "A Summer Sea" and "The Heron's Haunt," well deserve notice, and so do several richly wooded little river scenes, highly finished, and full of carefully studied detail, by F. G. Coleridge.

The very few drawings by artists of long established reputation are not especially interesting. They include two very small landscapes, with figures, painted with his accustomed neatness and precision by Mr. Birket Foster; a forcibly painted head of a swarthy Oriental, "Nasir Mansoor," by Mr. Carl Haag; and a half-length figure, "The Standard Bearer," by Sir John Gilbert, chiefly remarkable for the realistic painting of the polished steel armour.

MISS CLARA MONTALBA'S WORKS

MR. MCLEAN'S gallery in the Haymarket is now occupied by a series of ninety-five water-colour drawings and sketches by Miss Montalba. It is long since we have seen a more attractive exhibition of works by a single artist. Several of the large views in Venice and the Low Countries have appeared at the Royal Water-Colour Society's gallery, and been already noticed; but there are many drawings quite equal to the best of them which we have not seen till now. A drawing of recent date representing "The Piazzetta" from the lagune, is distinguished by accuracy of design and artistic completeness, as well as truth of effect. The warm glow of afternoon sunshine that suffuses the scene is admirably rendered. In two very animated Venetian scenes, "A Regatta" and "Arrival of the King and Queen, May, 1887," Miss Montalba has succeeded in giving a very vivid impression of movement and bright daylight. A very different atmospheric effect is rendered with equal truth and skill in a view of "Antibes" from the sea, overshadowed by a stormy sky. The painter's great power as a colourist is also well exemplified in a drawing of the island of "San Zitelle," partially obscured by mist. The varied and finely modulated local tints in the sea, sky, and village brought to a focus in the red buoy floating in the foreground are of exquisite quality, and arranged with great art. A small drawing of the "Canale della Guerra, Venice," is an admirable rendering of a very picturesque subject. In its breadth of style and rich harmony of subdued colour it reminds us of the best works of the same kind by the late James Holland. "Zaandam Harbour," "Ramsgate Sands," and "Milkwomen of Dordt" are among the best of many slight but suggestive sketches. They have been very rapidly painted, but in each case the most prominent features of the scene are represented in their right relation to each other.

DRAWINGS OF VENICE

A SERIES of fifty water-colour drawings by the Russian artist, Mr. A. N. Roussoff, may now be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street. They have all been painted at Venice during the last year, and in treatment as well as in subject strongly resemble those that he has already exhibited here. The little street-scenes and the interiors are generally better than the more extensive views. They are true in local character, rich and harmonious, if not very subtle in colour, and painted in firm effective style. The figures, too, in most of them are life-like, and in excellent keeping with their surroundings. The best qualities of the painter's art are to be seen in "A Vegetable Stall," "The Frari," "A Venetian Kitchen," and "Baiting Boats." Among many church interiors remarkable for their truthful illumination and correct architectural draughtsmanship, "The Confessional" strikes us as the best.



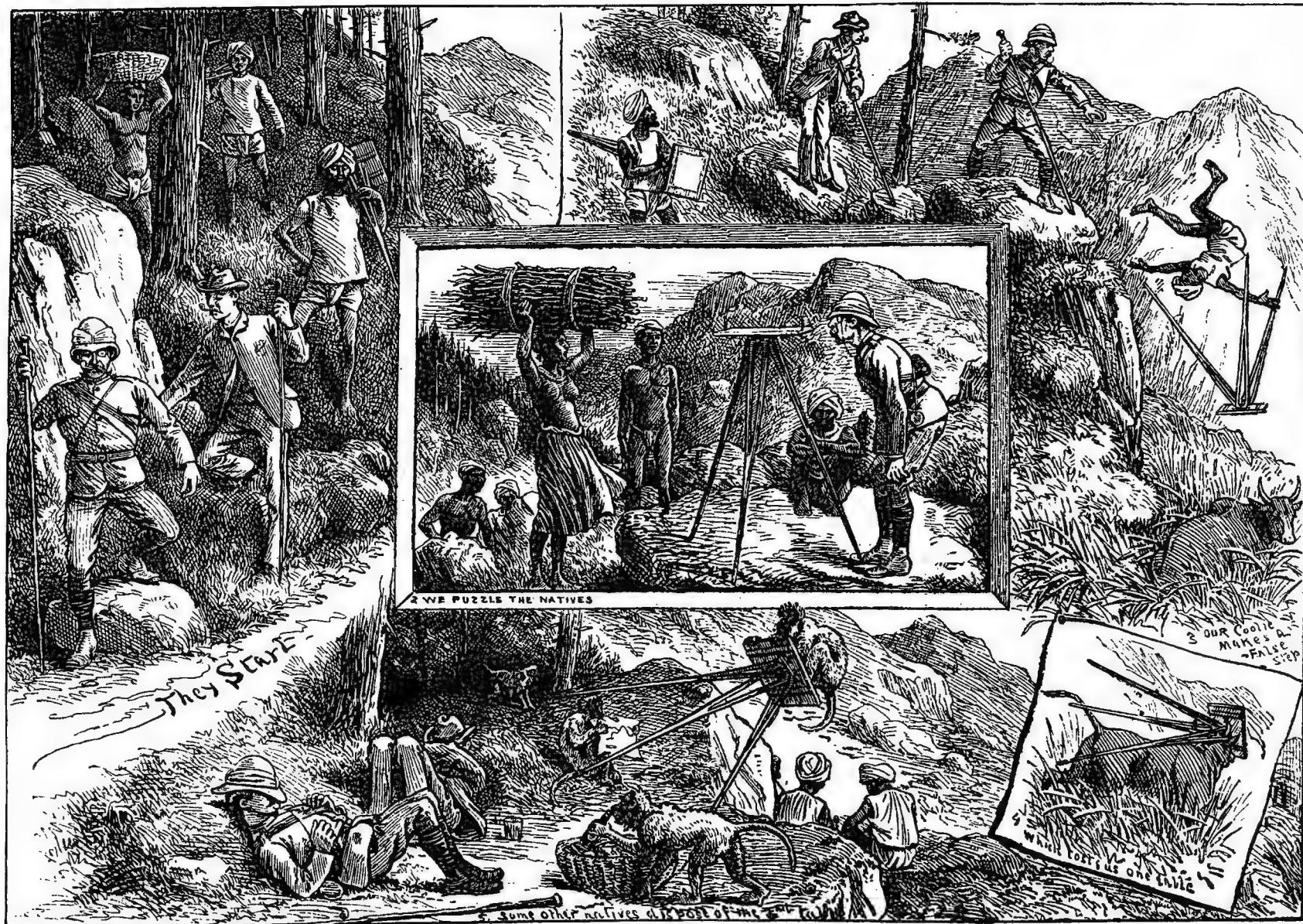
AT A CONFERENCE CONVENED by the Prisoners' Legal Aid Society, it was resolved to agitate for the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal, the appeal now existing to the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved being in regard to points of law only. Mr. W. Shirley, M.P., who is a practising barrister, presided, and urged among other objections to the present system, which made the Home Secretary the only Court of Appeal in questions of fact, the introduction of party politics into discussions on the administration of the law. Mr. Shirley is himself an advanced Liberal, but he protested against "the most disgraceful attack" made on the present Home Secretary by a portion of the Press in the Lipski case, when, he said, if the criminal had not confessed, the Home Secretary "would have been branded as a murderer."

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF PRIVY COUNCIL have given, in an appeal from a judgment of the Supreme Court of Victoria, a decision which is of far greater than Colonial interest, and the important point involved in which had never, it seems, been raised before. The question was whether injuries to the mind and nerves caused merely by terror, without any actual physical lesion, could constitute a claim for damages against the person by whose negligence those injuries were inflicted? A husband and wife were driving in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, when they came to a level crossing on a railway line. The gate-keeper opened the gates for them, and just as the vehicle was crossing the line a train came up at full speed, and passed close to the back of the "buggy," but did not touch it. The lady fainted when she saw the train approaching, and has since suffered severely from the shock given to her nerves. The Victorian jury gave her 400*l.* damages, and the Supreme Court in the Colony sustained the verdict. This decision has been reversed by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council on the ground that, no claim of the kind having ever been made before, to admit it in this case by giving damages for the effects produced by mere sudden terror, unaccompanied by any actual physical injury, would extend the liability for negligence much beyond what it had hitherto been held to be, and would open a wide field for imaginary claims.

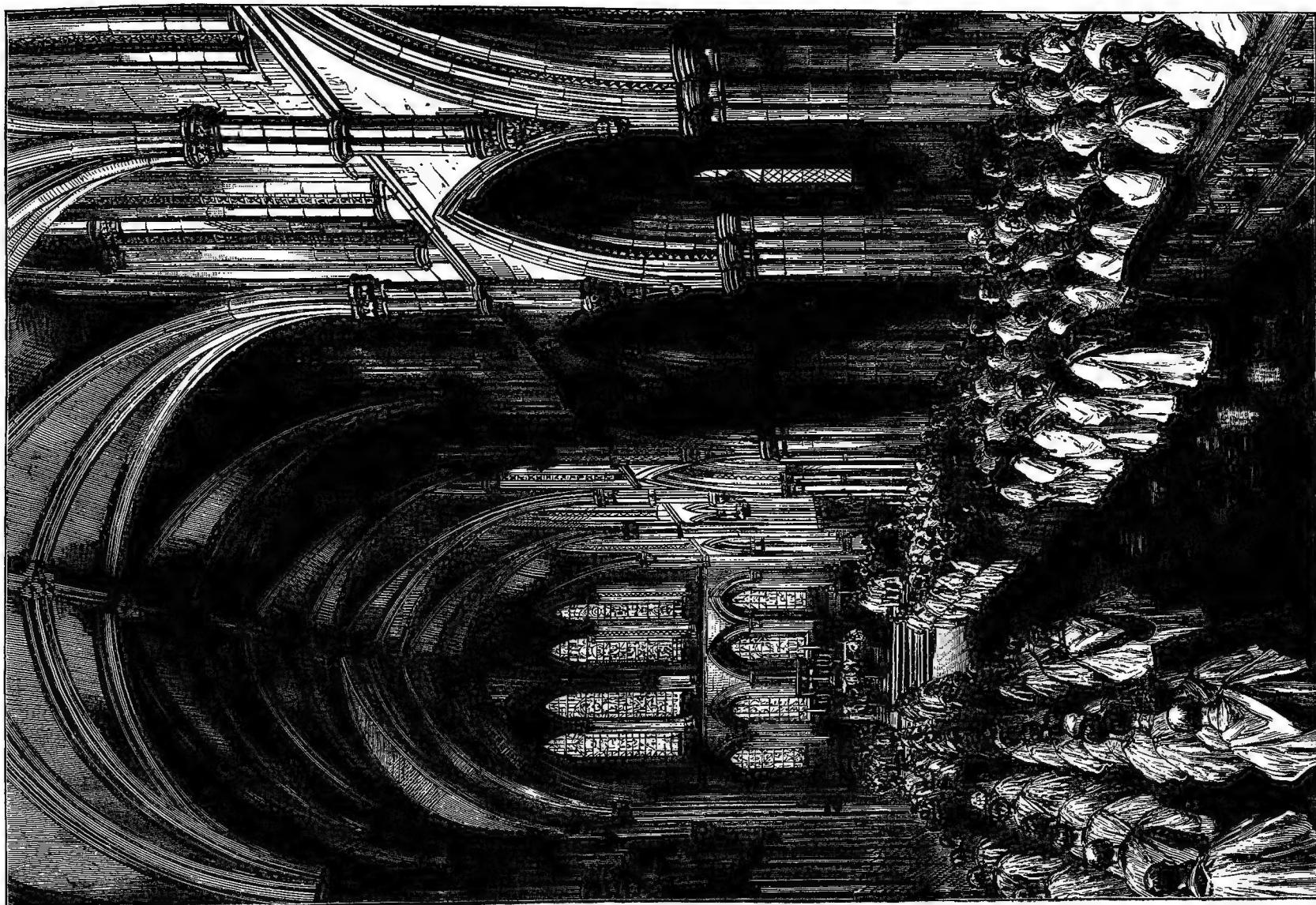
A MAN SERVANT ENTERED the employment of a married couple at South Kensington with an excellent written character from a previous employer. He had given notice to leave when he was dismissed, and his master endorsed on his written character these words:—"This man has lived with us five weeks, and we dismiss him for staying out all night and leaving the house open." The man, who denied the truth of this statement, brought an action for libel, and for the defacement of his written character, but Mr. Justice Kay, who tried it, decided that no action for libel could be sustained, since the only suggested publication of the libel had been by the husband to the wife, or by the wife to the husband. As to the defacement, the Judge directed the jury to give the plaintiff only nominal damages, since no actual injury to him had been proved. The plaintiff applied to the Queen's Bench Division for a new trial. Baron Huddleston, Mr. Justice Manisty concurring, considered the point raised as to publication to be novel and important, but upheld Mr. Justice Kay's decision so far. On the other hand, they were of opinion that the Judge had not acted rightly in settling the amount of damages for the defacement of the character, but should have left it to the jury, and as regarded this part of the action they granted a new trial.



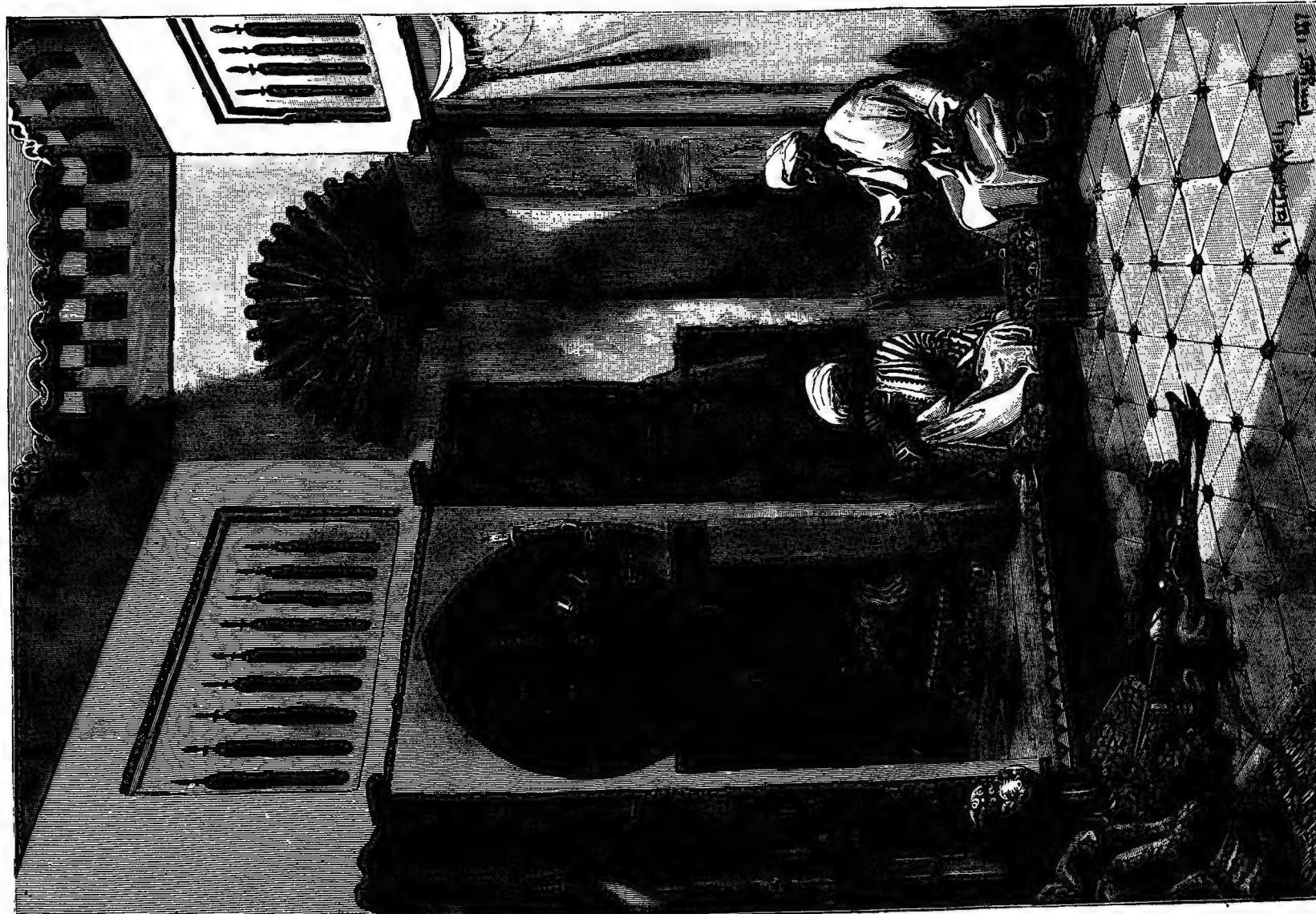
A DAY'S PARTRIDGE SHOOTING, BARBARY



MILITARY SURVEYING IN THE HIMALAYAS



RESTORATION OF SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL
DEDICATION SERVICE IN THE RESTORED CHOIR



A BAZAAR, TANGIER, MOROCCO



THE TURF.—At last the controversy between Lord Durham and Sir George Chetwynd is in a fair way to be settled. At a special meeting of the Jockey Club, held on Tuesday, the action of the Stewards in not undertaking the inquiry was approved, and it was decided that Sir George Chetwynd should seek redress from the law courts, or rather from a court of arbitration competent to examine witnesses on oath. Lord Durham will repeat his charges in writing, filling in the names of the persons he accuses of mal-practices, so that Sir George may have an undoubted cause of action. The latter gentleman has since determined, acting on the advice of counsel, to issue a writ against Lord Durham.

Questionable running was unfortunately a prominent feature of the first day's racing at Four Oaks Park. After losing the first race on the card, Warrior easily secured the second, and the explanations of his owner, Mr. Fisher, and his jockey, Thornton, not being considered satisfactory by the Stewards, they were suspended for the remainder of the meeting and the matter reported to the Grand National Hunt Committee. A like course was taken in the case of Mr. J. Riste for his riding of his own horse West Wind in the Yarborough Hunters' Flat Race Plate. Parasang won the Qualifying Hunters' Steeplechase, and was also successful in a similar event next day. At Kempton Park, on Wednesday, Brave won the Stewards' Steeplechase Handicap Plate, and Wine Sour the Kempton Park Hurdle Handicap; while Hohenlinden scored a popular win for the Prince of Wales in the Naval and Military Steeplechase Plate. Gay Hermit, whose scratching for all engagements caused some surprise last week, has been sold, it appears, to Brazil for stud purposes.

FOOTBALL.—For once in a way the Rugby game deserves more attention than its rival. On Friday last week a crowded meeting of the Rugby Union expressed its approval of the Committee's action regarding the International Board, and also passed a series of resolutions tending towards a peaceful settlement of the dispute. Then, on the following day, the return match between North and South drew a large crowd to Blackheath and produced a splendid struggle, in which victory ultimately rested with the Southerners. On Monday another good game was witnessed between Middlesex and Yorkshire, the former proving successful. For the first time since the match was established, Wales beat Scotland. In Union contests Cambridge has beaten Royal Engineers and also Old Cheltonians, Oxford the Harlequins and also Kent Rovers, Bradford Liverpool, and Edinburgh Academicals Manchester, while Dewsbury succumbed to Wakefield Trinity. Associationwise, England defeated Wales, Birmingham on the same day inflicted severe defeats on London (five goals to nil), and Notts (eleven to nil), and Renton (who also won in '85) secured the Scotch Cup by beating Cambuslang. Oxford easily defeated Sussex, but were as easily beaten by West Bromwich Albion. Blackburn Rovers sustained their third reverse (this time to the tune of seven goals to nil) at the feet of Preston North End, and Cambridge beat the Crusaders. For the semi-finals of the Association Cup, West Bromwich Albion are drawn against Derby Junction (against whom Blackburn Rovers failed to sustain either of their protests), and Crewe Alexandra against Preston North End. The last-named play the Corinthians to-day (Saturday) at the Oval, when a fine game should be witnessed.

CRICKET.—Both the English teams in Australia continue to do well. Shaw and Shrewsbury's Combination beat Combined Australia at Sydney. Ulyett was top-scorer for the winners with 72; while, for Australia, M'Donnell made 54 in the first innings, and A. C. Bannerman carried his bat through the second for 45 out of a total of 83.—Mr. Vernon's Eleven made 271 (Mr. T. C. O'Brien 86), and beat Twenty-Two of Benalla by an innings and 53 runs; while they also played a favourable draw with Twenty-Two of Cootamundra.—The Inter-Colonial Match between Victoria and New South Wales resulted in a narrow victory for the latter by two wickets.—On Wednesday last a meeting of the new Cricket Council was held at Lord's. A resolution was passed by eleven votes to three, calling the attention of the M.C.C. to the unsatisfactory condition of the law relating to leg-before-wicket.

BILLIARDS.—North was dead out of form in his spot-barred match with White last week, and forfeited before the game was half over. Mitchell beat Roberts. This week the champion is playing spot-barred against White, who is limited to 100 consecutive "spots." At the time of writing the latter had rather the best of it.

ROWING.—The match between Wallace Ross and Bubear for the Championship of England takes place on Monday next.—Speculation on the University Boat Race has begun, 7 to 4 being laid on Cambridge. This may be due to the fact that the Dark Blues seem unable to decide upon a stroke.



II.

THE fourth paper on "The British Army," by Sir Charles Dilke, appears in this month's *Fortnightly*. It is mainly devoted to our weakness in field artillery, to the militia, and to the volunteers. As regards guns we have not, all told, enough to supply the two much-vaunted army corps, and, if these army corps went out of the kingdom, there would be practically no artillery for such infantry as might be left behind. The militia is in Sir Charles Dilke's opinion a valuable force, but it is under-officered. So also are the volunteers. In fact, neither force as now constituted could take the field. All these things require immediate attention. "If the Chancellor of the Exchequer takes off taxes," says Sir Charles, "it will be at the cost of the national safety. . . . Let me once more try to impress upon my readers that, humanly speaking, we can trust for our protection in the last resort only to our own strong arm. I understand that Lord Salisbury thinks that war will break out in the spring, and that he doubts whether we ourselves shall be able to keep clear of it, although he denies that he has come under any engagement to the Central Powers. In my belief, however, a greater danger than that of our becoming involved in a general war is that of our, sooner or later, having to fight in a quarrel of our own without allies."—Mrs. Lynn Linton writes in her usual bright manner of the "Italian Women in the Middle Ages."—An interesting literary paper is "Turgueneff," by Mr. George Moore.

The *Nineteenth Century* opens with "The Struggle for Existence: a Programme," by Professor Huxley. It leads up through much heterodox philosophy to a powerful advocacy of the case for the development of technical education. He attaches great importance to the provision of a machinery for enabling those who are by nature specially qualified to undertake the higher branches of industrial work to reach the position in which they may render that service to the com-

munity. "If all our educational expenditure," he says, "did nothing but pick one man of scientific or inventive genius each year from amidst the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and give him the chance of making the best of his inborn faculties, it would be a very good investment. If there is one such child among the hundreds of thousands of our annual increase, it would be worth any money to drag him either from the slough of misery or from the hotbed of wealth, and teach him to devote himself to the service of his people." Something of this sort must be done, in Professor Huxley's opinion, if we are to hold our own in the war of industry.—Miss Octavia Hill has collected a great deal of information, all bearing on the question of "More Air for London," which will be found useful by those who are actively concerned about a matter so vital to the health and well-being of the metropolis.—In "A Counter Criticism," Mr. Herbert Spencer gives his reasons for differing from some of the statements and conclusions contained in the article entitled "A Great Confession," contributed by the Duke of Argyll to the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*.—Mr. George S. Layard on "How to Live on 700 a Year," Mr. Frank Hill on "Chatter or Business," Sir Henry Elliott on "The Death of Abdul Aziz; End of Turkish Reform," and the United States Minister on "The Constitution of the United States," are among other noticeable writers.

A valuable article on "Islam and Christianity in India" opens the *Contemporary*. The conclusions at which the writer arrives are these:—That natives of India, when they are Christians, will be and ought to be Asiatics still; that is, as unlike English rectors or English Dissenting Ministers as it is possible for men of the same creed to be, and the effort to squeeze them into these moulds not only wastes power, but destroys the vitality of the original material. Mohammedan proselytism succeeds in India because it leaves its converts Asiatics still; Christian proselytism fails because it strives to make of its converts English middle-class men.—Mr. Gladstone is not complimentary to "The Homeric Hera," nor particularly interesting about her. Olympus, which has had so many great poets, will not gain much from dissertations in the heavy prose even of an ex-Premier.—Dr. Russell will be attentively read in his criticism on the last two volumes of Mr. Kinglake's "Crimean War."

Mr. Charles Williams has an admirable article on "The New York Police," which is, on the whole, highly eulogistic of that well-paid and efficient body of constabulary.—Mr. R. Cunningham Graham answers the question, "Has the Liberal Party a Future?" with the same display of judgment and common sense which marked his performances two months ago in Trafalgar Square.

Professor Newton opens *Macmillan's* with a paper full of interesting reminiscences on "Early Days of Darwinism"—Colonel Maurice writes in a warmly appreciative view of Mr. Kinglake as an historian in a criticism, "Mr. Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea."—A capital piece of descriptive writing is "Burford," which is not far from Great Tew, near Oxford, the seat of the famous Lord Falkland.

Blackwood is a very good number. It is an indignant answer that Sir Theodore Martin gives to the question "Shakespeare or Bacon?" yet he does not disdain to pile argument on argument, and fact on fact, which may deprive of every shred of excuse people inclined to pay heed to the latest American literary lunacy.—"The Balance of Power in Europe: Its Naval Aspect" leaves the reader under the impression that our navy is not much better prepared to meet certain probable requirements than the army. The author shows that unless our fleets are materially increased, our maritime alliance would not be much value to Central European Powers.—The magazine opens with a sonnet, "Osborne Before Midnight, 31st December, 1887," signed "T. M., and suggested by this passage from a letter by the Queen:—"The Queen is loth to part from a year in which she has met with so much affection and kindness."

The frontispiece of the *Woman's World* is "Christina Rossetti," from a crayon drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.—Mrs. Frederika Macdonald espouses the cause of Rousseau in her pleasantly-written illustrated paper on "The Hermitage: An Episode in the Life of Jean Jacques Rousseau."—There is a thoughtful and able article by the Countess of Shrewsbury on "Our Girl Workers," while Lady Magnus takes us over a portion of Sir Walter's ground, of which we are shown with the pencil some delightful peeps in "A Callander Month in Scotland."

Atalanta falls in no way behind its first promise. Noticeable in its contents is a first paper by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming on "Earth's Boiling Fountains," in which the writer makes excellent use of her travel knowledge and descriptive power.—Mr. Henry Bacon describes well the artistic activities of Rosa Bonheur, and Lord Brabourne shows he has not lost his old skill in telling tales for children with "Marjory's Doll." The frontispiece is a charming fairy scene executed by Goupil from "The Valentine," by A. Hopkins.



AGRICULTURAL COMPETITION was discussed at the February meeting of the Farmers' Club, the chair being occupied by Mr. Albert Pell. The paper, which was read by Mr. W. E. Bear, was divided into three heads. 1. How agricultural competition affected farmers. 2. How it affected foreign producers. 3. How it could best be met. In reference to the first point he drew from an immense pile of statistics a conclusion which was in everybody's mind before they came to the meeting, viz., that foreign competition was the prime cause of reduced prices. With reference to foreign producers he was more interesting, in suggesting some very good reasons for thinking that the foreign producers were finding present prices unremunerative in many cases. As regards remedies Mr. Bear repudiated Protection, which was beyond farmers' power to obtain, and of no advantage to tenant farmers if they did obtain it. By strict economy and by a development of farming industries which the foreigner cannot effectively touch, he thought the English farmer might still hold his own. But neither the paper nor the discussion appeared hopeful, though Mr. Bear professed to think that the worst of the crisis was past.

ENGLISH, INDIAN, AND RUSSIAN WHEAT.—At the same meeting the Secretary of the Central Chamber of Agriculture stated that the British wheat-grower had not suffered from increased competition consequent on the supply of wheat from India, for it had only taken the place of Russian wheat. This statement we fear is not quite so accurate as might be expected from an eminent member of the Statistical Society. Taking an average home crop at 45,000,000 cwt., we find that in 1875 Russia competed, with just 10,000,000 cwt. shipped to England, and India with 1,300,000 cwt. This amount of competition gave us an average of 45s. 2d. per qr. Shift the view ten years on, to 1885, and we find our home 45,000,000 cwt. beaten down to 32s. 10d. per qr., 12s. 4d. decline, by Russian shipments to the tale of 12,000,000 cwt., and Indian wheat receipts to the extent of 12,170,000 cwt. It is evident, therefore, that Russia has not been knocked out of the running, but that the addition of India to the list of competitors has turned the scale, and is the leading cause of a decline of over 12s. per qr. in the price of wheat. For 1887 the shipments were somewhat less, but Russia sent 7,000,000 cwt. to India's 8,509,000 cwt. In 1888 there is a strong prospect of the figures being more than reversed; of Russia

sending us some 10,000,000 cwt. and India only 7,000,000 to 8,000,000.

BEE-KEEPING is largely on the increase in Ireland; a good sign. The number of swarms at work last year, according to the Government returns, was 25,230, and they produced 331,167 lbs. of honey, against 21,327 swarms, yielding 302,297 lbs. in the previous year. Of the total yield, 106,429 lbs. were gathered in the province of Leinster, 108,495 lbs. in Munster, 88,653 lbs. in Ulster, and 27,590 lbs. in Connaught. The backwardness in Connaught is very remarkable, for Connaught is emphatically "the peasant's province," and bee-keeping is largely a peasant industry. That the Western peasants are very unfortunate or very foolish in their neglect of bee-keeping is apparent from the fact that where swarms are hived in Connaught, they yield more honey per hive than in any other province. This is shown from the returns of successive years. Muster is the next prolific; in Northern Ulster the yield is naturally smallest.

DRAINAGE.—In years gone by, the opinion was commonly expressed among English agriculturists that it was possible to lay land too dry by means of underground drains. Bit by bit our farmers came to know better. History, however, is always repeating itself, and, during the last three or four years, American farmers have been predating every possible evil from tile drainage. The dangers feared are not quite consistent one with another. First, there is the damage from flood, owing to the drains carrying off the water too rapidly. Then it is argued that in consequence of this rapid drainage drought will prevail. Next, that the water having been drained out and run off, the crops on tilled land will be deficient in moisture. One answer meets each question—the drains run off the excess of water. That this answer is sound is shown by most careful and extensive experiments, which have recently been carried out by competent Professors in Illinois, reports of which experiments have been given in our enterprising North-Country contemporary, the *Farming World*.

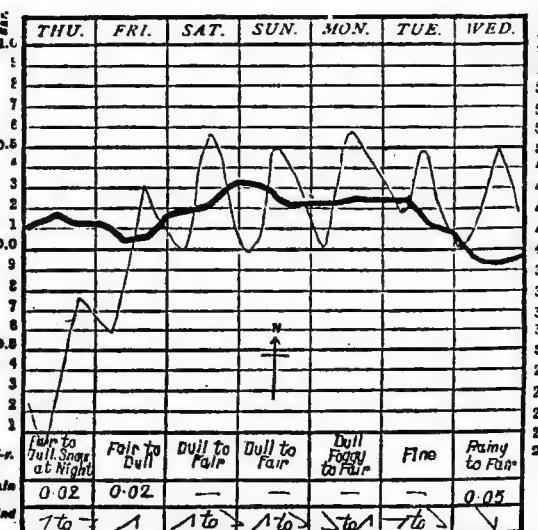
OATS.—It is exactly a century since oats were as low in price as they are to-day. The average is 15s. 10d., and it was 16s. 1d. in 1788. But in 1788 money would go quite half as far again as it will now, so that the real comparative average would be about 24s. per quarter. Only four times in a century have oats fallen below 17s. per quarter; namely, in 1789 when 16s. 6d., in 1792 when 16s. 9d., in 1850 when 16s. 5d., and in 1887 when 16s. 3d. was quoted.

WATER-FAMINE.—If the truth that lies in a well may answer the question next summer, it would have to say that the autumn rains were all insufficient to replenish springs exhausted by a very dry season, and that the rains of the spring season cannot be reckoned adequate to restore the balance of water-power. In many ways the want of water is beginning to be felt, even at this moist period of the year, upon meadows and surface-soil. The latter disadvantage may very possibly be overcome by summer rain; and, if this be the case, the relative failure of underground reservoirs will not be of much importance—beyond compelling us to arrest and utilise the rainfall much more than at present. Residents in rural districts may be reminded that at recent Royal Agricultural Shows a system was exhibited whereby rainfall may be separated so as to fill separate reservoirs—one for clean drinking water, and the other for washing or irrigating purposes.

RIVAL SCHOOLS.—A decade since, and the Cirencester College was the only well-known rural agricultural training school. It has now a southern rival at Downton, near Salisbury, while Aspatria, in Cumberland, and a Colonial Training School in Sussex are coming well forward. Moreover, Government is asked to do some work for the agricultural branches of education; and many others, besides Mr. De Laune, who writes his views in the *Times*, think the scheme deserving national support. The minority-vote on the side that Government aid is inexpedient comes from the old-established private schools. There is room enough, and there are schools enough, for all.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the weekend Wednesday midnight (8th inst.). The fine line gives the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Taken as a whole the weather of the past week was rather showery in the North, but fair and mild in most other parts of the British Islands. The highest pressures were found over France or to the South-West of the United Kingdom, while the lowest were observed in the neighbourhood of Scandinavia, and thus Westerly to North-Westerly breezes, which were of little strength, prevailed pretty generally. At the commencement of the period a large anticyclone lay over the Southern portion of our Islands and the North of France, with very sharp frost beneath it at first, especially over the South-East of England, but a steady rise of temperature occurred as the system progressed Southwards in the course of the day in all places, and a little snow at some stations. Throughout the remainder of the week the weather was misty and slightly showery locally, but as a whole very fair and mild, the singularly warm North-Westerly current being a distinct feature of the week. The close of the week found no material change in the distribution of pressure or in the weather, but the wind freshened in the South-West and West, and temperature was inclined to fall somewhat. The lowest temperatures of the week occurred on Thursday (2nd inst.), when the sheltered thermometer fell to 10° in the South and 16° in the South-East of England; the highest which were reported both Saturday (4th inst.) and Monday (6th inst.) were above 50° in many places, while on the latter date they reached 54° both in the West of Scotland and on the South-East Coast of England.

The barometer was highest (30.33 inches) on Saturday (4th inst.); lowest (29.97 inches) on Wednesday (8th inst.); range 0.36 inch.

The temperature was highest (52°) on Monday (5th inst.); lowest (20°) on Thursday (2nd inst.); range 32°.

Rain fell on three days. Total fall 0.09 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.05 inch on Wednesday (8th inst.).

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CHELSEA HOSPITAL, II.



THE PORTICO, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

ornamental, but the space between the Hospital building and the river is pretty, that enclosed as the Terrace sumptuously so, gradually elevated in parterres, and profuse in flowers. The south-eastern part, known as the Ranelagh Gardens, is, however, the most interesting, being skilfully planned by one who must have been an artistic gardener, and admirably kept. The name Ranelagh Gardens is proper to the place, being the very spot on which the Ranelagh Rotunda stood, where so much gaiety prevailed towards the end of the last century. It was acquired by the Hospital on the failure of that speculation. Visitors are particularly attracted here by the plots, 140 in number, allotted to so many pensioners for their amusement in cultivation, where they continue to produce vegetables and flowers, to be disposed of for their own profit to the multitudinous visitors thronging here in the summer season. It is said that Lord John Russell, when Chairman of the Board of the Hospital, planned this industry to give agreeable occupation to the old men, and keep them from street temptations. The occupation it certainly does give, and their pockets profit as well. It is believed that many pounds in the year are received for the produce of single plots, but the prices are fanciful—"Anything you please," flavoured by a short yarn, being the element of appreciation. The purchasers do not regret the extra liberality shown to the fine old honest face of the vendor, and the interest of the military prowess related without additional charge—

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

THE GARDENS cover a space of about sixty-six acres, constituting a minor London park, resting on the river embankment, and extending to the King's Road. Portions cannot be said to be

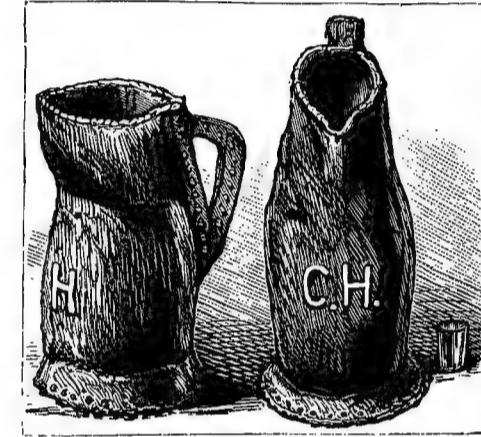
The remarks just made about the physical incapacity of the pensioners raise a doubt as to the existence of 140 amongst them capable of cultivating the smallest allotment of ground, but it is found on inquiry that many men have more plots than one, and that others pay pensioners for tilling their plots, and that few amongst the new comers think of undertaking the work at all. Therefore these little gardens have probably seen their best days.

The plot of ground known as Burton's Court will during the present year be the scene of a new feature in the military usefulness of the Hospital, and of its attractions for the public. It seems a curious blot in Army arrangements, that London, of all garrison stations, has hitherto possessed no space appropriated to cricket and other athletic sports, for the physical development and mental recreation of the soldiers, of whom about 5,000 are located in the London garrison. This defect the Commissioners of the Hospital have resolved to remedy. As their lands were purchased for the most part by the contributions of the Army, it has been deemed just that the Army should profit to the greatest extent from the enjoyment, and, therefore, Burton's Court will be prepared for military sports, where the soldiers can have cricket, football, running matches, and other games. A large sum of money is being expended for the creation of the proper surface, a canteen will be provided, and military bands will play on stated occasions. The pensioners will have seats from which the amusements can be witnessed, and thus the two generations of military life will come together for their mutual association and sympathy. The effect on the habits of the soldier, thus drawn away from the evil attractions of other places, ought to be considerable, and the enlivenment of the place will make the Hospital more enjoyable by the pensioners.

Before leaving the Gardens it may be well to state that the original twenty-eight acres grew by degrees to sixty-six by purchase from Hospital funds, and that as the several acquisitions had varied titles an Act of Parliament passed a few years ago confirmed the title of the whole estate by conveying the fee simple to the Commissioners of the Hospital *in trust for the pensioners*, who may, therefore, look on every inch as their own property. The grounds are kept in order from the pensioners' funds also, not from public funds, and consequently the inhabitants of Chelsea, and other visitors, owe to them the privilege enjoyed of using the place for air and recreation.

The Cemetery is not now used, the deceased pensioners finding their final rest in the West London Cemetery on the Fulham Road, where a section of land is reserved for the purpose. The Hospital Cemetery has many fine tombs, erected to deceased officers, and there are some curious inscriptions on the stones placed over pensioners' graves. Probably the strangest reads as follows, or did read, for it is no longer easily decipherable:—

"Here rests William Hiseland, a veteran if ever soldier was, who merited well a pension, if long service be a merit, having served upwards of the days of man; ancient but not superannuated. Engaged in a series of wars, civil as well as foreign, yet not maimed or worn out by either, his complexion was fresh and florid, his health hale and hearty, his memory exact and ready; in stature he excelled the military size, in strength he surpassed the prime of youth; and, what rendered his age still more patriarchal, when above an hundred years old he took



BLACK JACKS



PENSIONERS AT PLAY—"SPANISH POLO"

unto himself a wife. Read, fellow soldiers, and reflect that there is a spiritual warfare as well as a warfare temporal. Born VI. of August, 1620; died VII. of February, 1732; aged 112."

Passing to the buildings, the first to attract attention on entering under the Cupola are the Chapel on the left hand and the Great Hall on the right. These noble apartments are of almost equal size—110 feet by 38, and equal height—but the ceiling of the former being arched, and of the latter flat, give an enlarged look to the Hall.

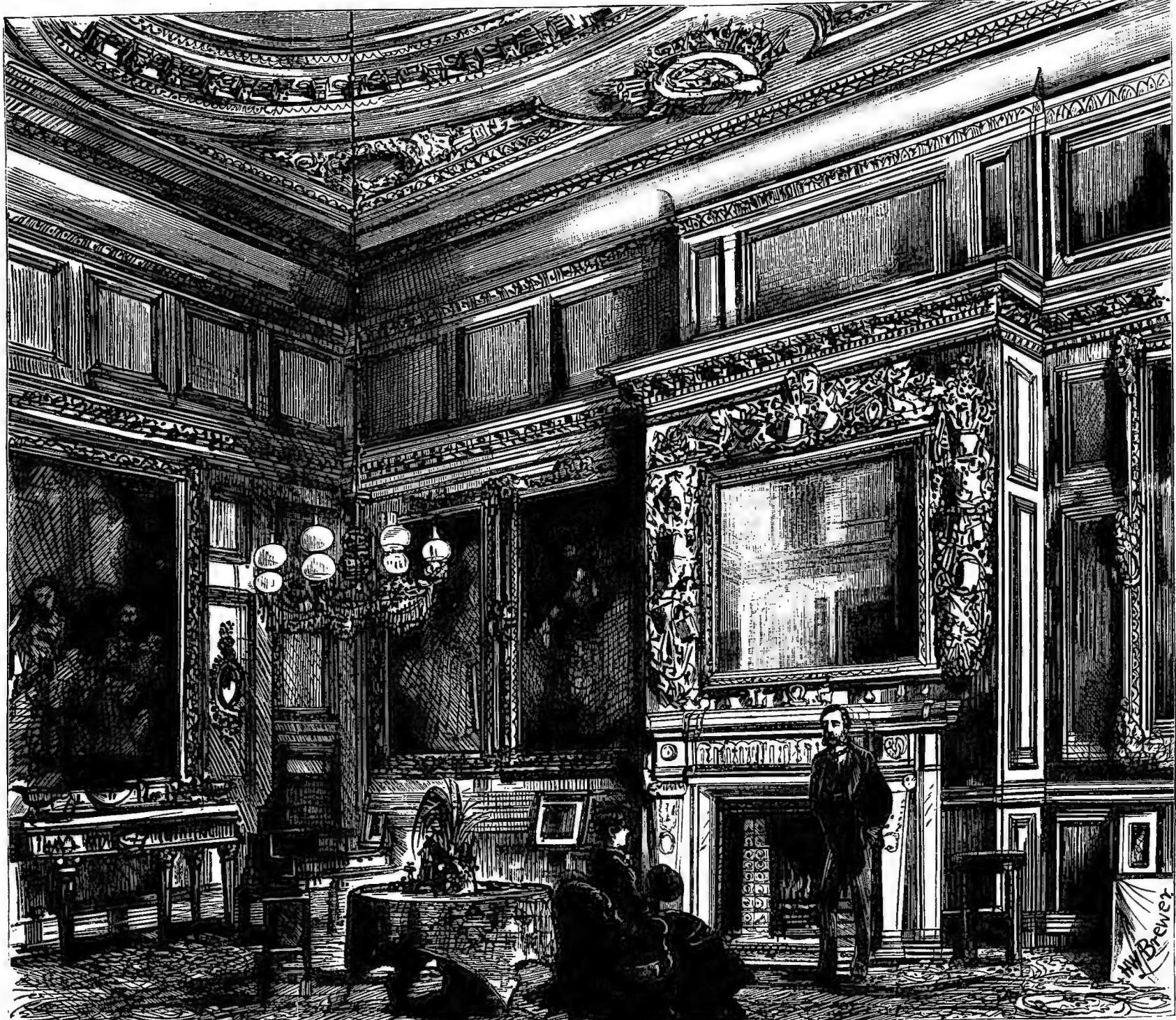
The Chapel is seated for about 300 pensioners, with pews all round by the wall on three sides for the officers and their families. In the semi-dome at the Altar-end is a large painting of the Resurrection, by Sebastian Ricci, not well seen, owing to insufficient light, and from contrast with too much light throughout the Chapel generally. The railings before the Altar and the wainscot compartments on each side are richly carved by Grinling Gibbons. At the other end of the Chapel is the Organ Gallery, the mouldings of which are carved in a similar style. The great feature of the Chapel is the collection of eagles and flags taken in war suspended between the windows on each side, and from the Organ Gallery. There are thirteen French eagles and forty-two flags—French, American, and East Indian. These flags and eagles were removed to the Hospital in the year 1835, by order of King William IV., from the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, and the India House. Considering their ages, many nearly 100 years, the flags are in good preservation, the devices and inscriptions being legible on many, though not much colour remains. Many have recently received a new lease of life through the kind attention of the Hon. Lady Grant, who has spent freely both time and money in preserving them from dissolution. Some flags were taken at Waterloo, some earlier (French Republican) in Egypt, and, earlier still, some of the East Indian flags were taken at Seringapatam in 1799. Of the eagles, four were taken in Martinique in 1809, one in Guadaloupe in 1810, one at Barossa in 1811, two at Salamanca in 1812, two at Waterloo, and three at different places in the Peninsula.

The scene of Professor Herkomer's well-known picture "The Last Muster" is at the organ end of the Chapel, all the pensioners having been painted from life, at separate sittings, in his studio. This picture had been anticipated by earlier studies of some of the pensioners, by the same artist, in the pages of this journal.

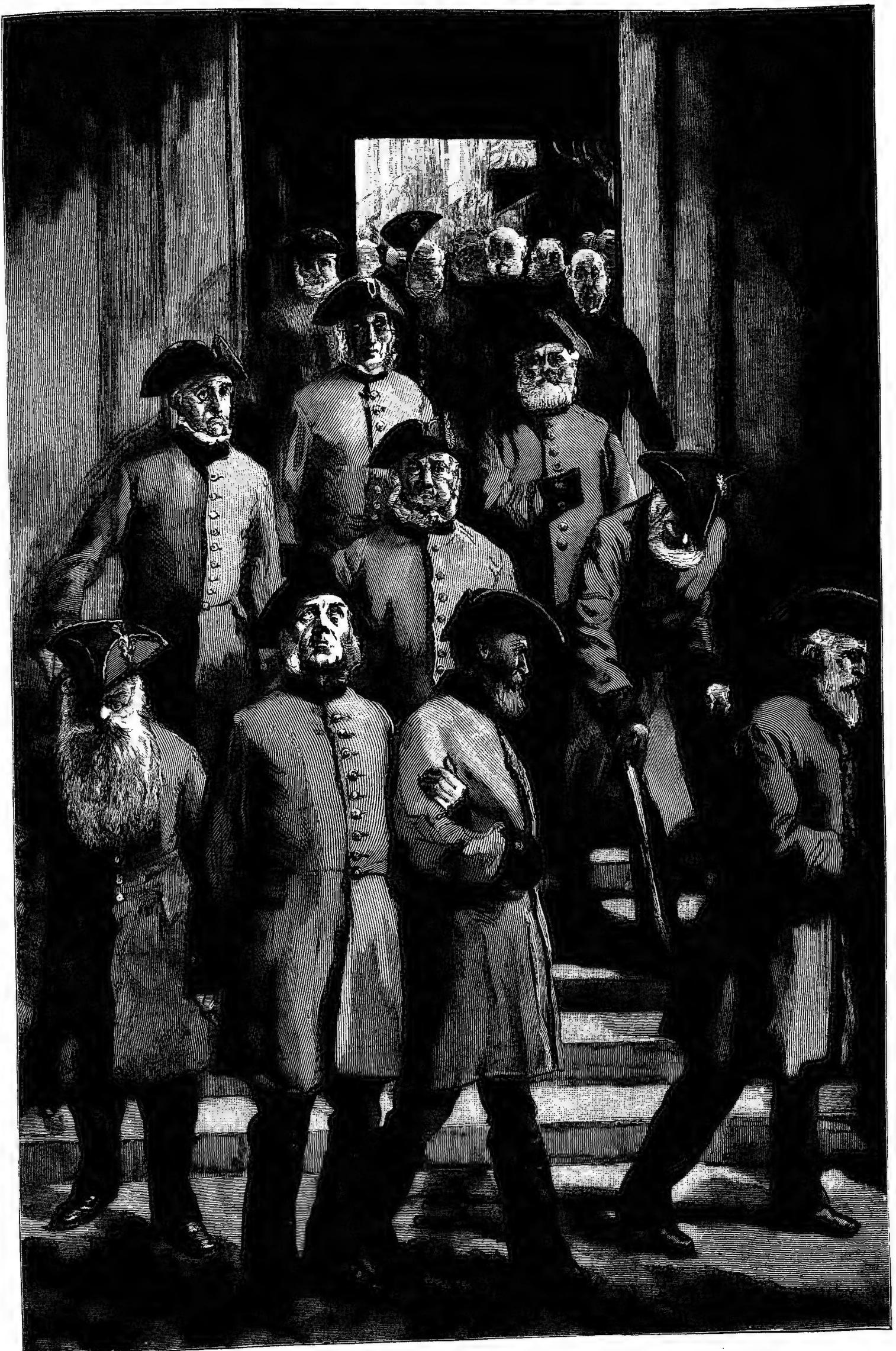
The Great Hall was for a long time the pensioners' Dining Hall, but the practice of dining together was abandoned, meals being now served in the wards, where the pensioners form messes of twelve each. The tables and benches remain in the Hall, differently arranged. This apartment, like the Chapel, is hung with flags, but, unlike those in the Chapel, little remains save the poles and shreds. Round the walls are portraits of military commanders, chronologically arranged according to campaigns, lettered and dated underneath. At the end is a large allegorical painting, by Verrio, of Charles II., surrounded by emblematical figures, with the Hospital in the background. The Hall is now used as a general day-room, where the pensioners smoke, read the news—there being a plentiful supply of papers—chat, and play games.

The next part of the building to attract attention is the most important of all—the galleries, or, as the pensioners call them, wards, where they have separately their homes for sleeping, for privacy in waking hours, and their little belongings. "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," is well exemplified in the cases of these old fellows, whose requirements are no longer shared by kith or kin, and who cannot look forward to their enduring long. There are sixteen of these galleries, each about 200 feet long and 18 feet wide. A corridor, 12 feet wide, runs the entire length, and off the corridor are twenty-six cubicles, each 6 feet square, constituting the pensioners' berths. They are separated, closed in, and backed by wainscot oak, open at the top, with doors opening into the corridor, and windows closed by curtains. Within the cubicle is a comfortable bed of hair, lying on a straw mattress, a small table, and space for a chair, with a box for clothes, &c., under the bed. The back and sides are hung with such pictures and ornaments as the occupier has taste to provide. In the corridors are dining-tables for the separate messes, and large stoves, with boilers, where food may be prepared, extra to the regulated ration, or the ration itself reheated or cooked in a secondary form by those desiring it. Sergeants in charge of the wards have enlarged cubicles at each end, and there is a room for the nurse whose duty it is to keep the ward clean, look after the linen for laundry, and keep it in repair. In the cubicle the pensioner sleeps at night, takes his siesta, and reads or works in different petty ways according to his bent. No smoking is allowed here, no lights are permitted, save from gas pendants, no music or noise calculated to annoy, and no

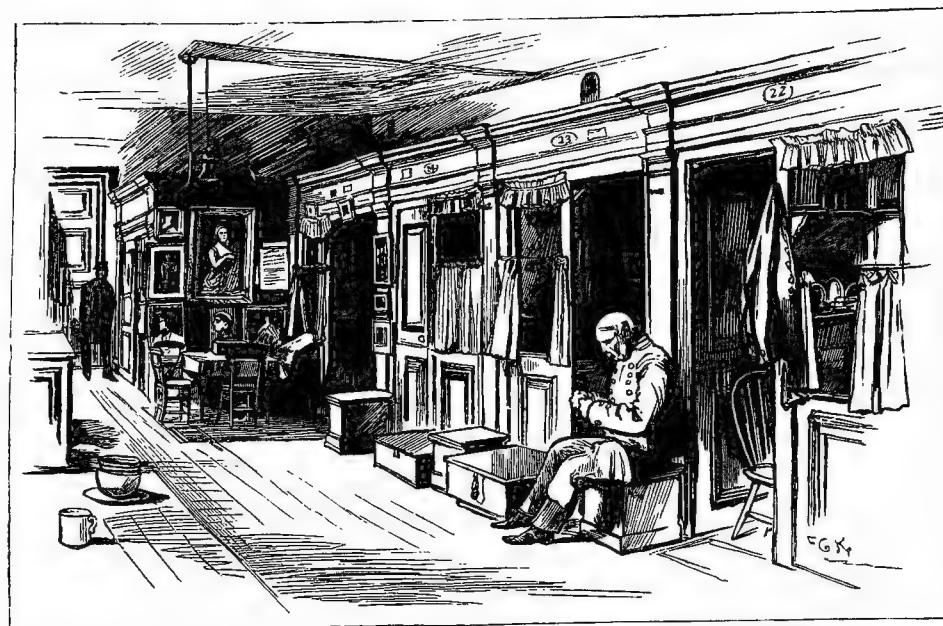
MENDING HIS CLOTHES



THE STATE ROOM, GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

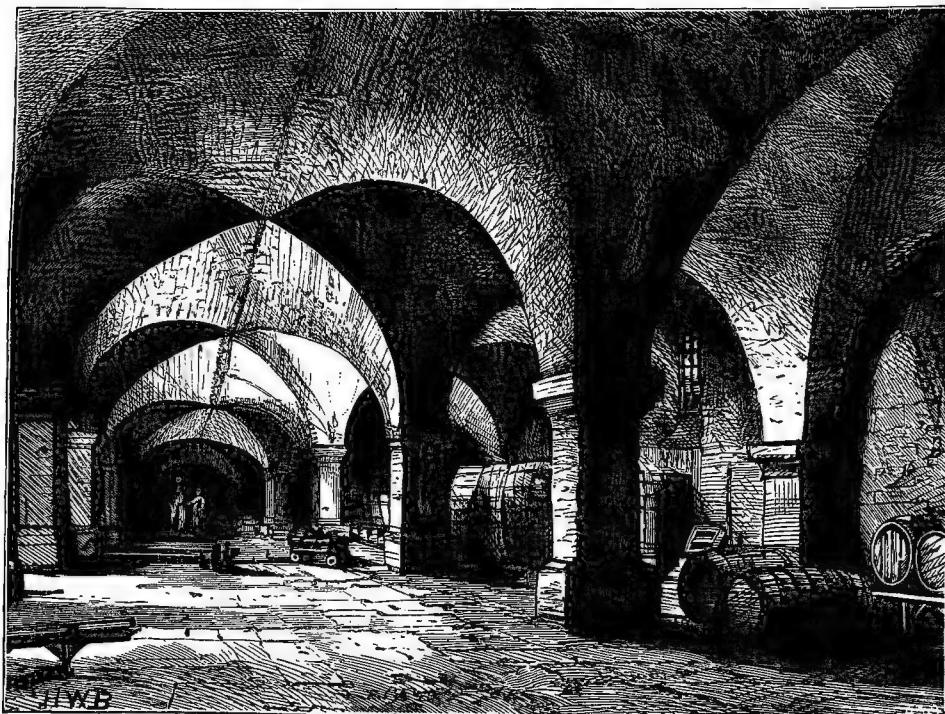


SUNDAY MORNING—COMING OUT OF CHAPEL
CHELSEA HOSPITAL ILLUSTRATED



SLEEPING BERTHS IN A WARD

pets, save birds and a cat. Flowers are tended at the windows. A general inspection of the berths is made by the proper officer, and a periodical overhauling for insects, but these are not often found, the pensioners viewing each other in the cleanliness of their little homes. We asked one fine old fellow what he liked best in the whole establishment, and he at once replied the bed, for he never in his experience possessed a hair bed before. Another man being asked whether he would like to leave, on a liberal out-pension, said he might not mind if permitted to take the bed. Only pensioners in tolerable health are found in these wards, those requiring special medical care being located in the Infirmary. There are minor wards, with varying numbers of berths, but similar in general character.



THE CELLARS

The Infirmary has beds for a hundred men, but it is necessary to supplement them by accommodation in an outer ward for fifteen or twenty more. These are usually all occupied, and urgent cases for admission press out those men who have made partial recoveries from more severe symptoms. The Infirmary is managed as such institutions usually are by the medical officers, who prescribe from day to day the food, drink, and general treatment for each man, and who have a staff of nurses, orderlies, cooks, and other servants exclusively for this purpose. Here the very old, and, of course, the very feeble, are mostly to be found, and the mortality is very great—an average of sixty or seventy men dying each year—from the infirmities of old age in the majority of cases. In the Great Kitchen the food for all the men not located in the Infirmary is prepared, cut up into messes for twelve men to each mess, and carried in covered hot dishes to their wards. There is a Bakery where all the bread is produced, this being the only item of food not supplied under contract; a Laundry, where all the washing of the Hospital is done, baths, and other subsidiary departments.

The Library is a very fine apartment, containing 4,000 volumes, besides books of reference, current magazines, and newspapers. Separate supplies of newspapers are issued to the Infirmary and Great Hall. The pensioners read in the Library, or borrow the books for perusal in their wards. The number so borrowed averages about a hundred a week. New additions to the Library are made annually. Novels are in most request, but religious and moral works are also in demand.

There are quarters for the Governor, Lieut.-Governor, Adjutant, Quartermaster, and six Captains. Also for the Chaplain, Medical Officers, and some non-commissioned officers. But no further allusion need be made to these private dwellings. In the Governor's House, however, is a noble apartment which used to be termed the Council-Chamber, and is now known as the State Room. Its dimensions are 37 by 27 feet, and 27 feet high. The Council or Board of the Hospital was originally held in this room, but there is a separate Board Room now. The members of the Royal Family were received here, and are still, the present Governor having had the honour of receiving many of them on different occasions. The room is furnished at the public expense, and richly decorated, the ceiling in compartments, with Royal ciphers of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary. Over the fireplace and doorways are rich carvings of trophies by Grinling Gibbons, and the walls are hung with a valuable collection of Royal portraits, by Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller, A. Ramsay, and others, and there is one of our present Gracious Sovereign after Winterhalter.

The establishment of In-Pensioners consists of 539 men,

and about twelve staff sergeants. They are selected, as previously stated, from the Out-Pensioners, and as a rule from those resident in Great Britain. Every Out-Pensioner is made acquainted with the regulations for admission. Candidates must in the first place be of good character as soldiers, and must have maintained it since discharge from the Army. They must be over fifty-five years of age, and be incapable of adding to their out-pensions by labour or other industry. Some may be admitted under this age, if suffering from wounds or disease caused by service as soldiers, and similarly incapacitated for labour. They must have neither wife nor child depending upon them for support. Vacancies are filled so soon as created from a roll of candidates passed by the Commissioners for Admission, and the Hospital is thus always full. They give up their out-pensions on admission, but can at any time resume them by leaving the Hospital.

From statistics recently published, the average age of the 539 men was 63 years. Five were about 85 years, 12 others above 80, 48 above 75, 76 above 70, and 172 between 60 and 70 years. A medical return showed that 22 were blind, 40 paralysed, 99 suffering from bronchitis, and almost all the others from disease of some form, besides old age.

They are classed for in-pension purposes (not according to Army rank) as privates of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class, drummers, corporals, sergeants, and colour-sergeants, and the money allowance issued to them for tobacco, &c., varies according to class, from 1s. a day as colour-sergeants, to 1d. as privates of the lowest class. Every man who is able to assist others by light attentions gets this employment with remuneration, and the little gardens noticed in another column afford pocket-money to many.

The diet consists of cocoa, with bread and butter in the morning, and tea, with bread and butter, in the evening; for dinner, mutton on five days, beef on the sixth, and either beef or bacon on the remaining day. The allowance of meat is 130z., and of bread one pound. Mutton broth, potatoes, green vegetables, and puddings are also included in the dietary. The Commissioners contract for best food only, and the officers have absolute powers of rejecting. Whether the pensioners are all content with the quality need not be stated. Who is, at all times, in the best regulated private houses? And grumbling is the old soldiers' right as well as the civilians'. One thing is certain, the public wish them to be well fed, and the Commissioners of the Hospital have an equally strong desire to make them comfortable. For malt drink, every man receives at least a pint of porter or beer daily. The food and drink in the Infirmary vary according to the physician's orders, from day to day.

The colour of the uniform coat is red in summer, blue in winter, trousers blue. Cocked hats are worn with full uniform, forage caps at other times. The discipline enforced is of the lightest kind. The pensioners are not allowed to leave their berths before six o'clock in the morning; they are required to rise before breakfast, which is at eight o'clock, unless excused by indisposition reported to the sergeant of the ward. The Great Hall is opened immediately after breakfast, and remains open, save during dinner hour, until 8.30 P.M. Dinner at 1 o'clock; tea at 4 o'clock. Any later refection is a *rechauffé* of the remains of the dinner, &c., prepared by men individually. Retirement to the wards for the night at 9 o'clock in winter, and 9.30 in summer. But leave is freely given to any one to remain out to a later hour, or even to absent himself for the whole night if he wishes. A list of such permits is posted in the Guard House at the main gate, and checked off as the men return. Absence without leave is an irregularity, and is recorded. Punishment for irregularities, for excess in drink, &c., consists for the most part in confinement within the gates, and the wearing of full-dress, but expulsion (followed by resumption of out-pension) would be ordered in a very bad case.

The Hospital is under the charge of a body of Royal Commissioners, appointed by Letters Patent. They are all *ex-officio*, and represent the War Office, the Horse-Guards, the Treasury, and Chelsea Hospital itself in the persons of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. The Commissioners admit pensioners, appoint under-officers, arrange contracts for food and clothing, and make general regulations for all services. But the discipline of the Hospital, and all that more immediately concerns the regulation and comfort of the men individually, appertain to the Governor. Appointment to this office is always conferred on a retired general officer of great distinction, and is one of the most signal marks of the favour of the Sovereign. As in the case of the present Governor, Sir Patrick Grant, the dignity of Field Marshal not seldom follows. He is the father of the pensioners in their second childhood, and there are few who do not look up to the present Governor as a son would to a sympathetic parent. He visits them at their bedside in the infirmary, talks to them almost as familiars, and soothes their sufferings by kind words of hope and fellow-feeling. The Highland Celt feels his pain forgotten when addressed in the Gaelic, and dreams again of "Scotia's woods and waterfalls." And the Irish Celt comes in for sympathy, perchance more weakly expressed from difference of dialect, but not less warmly felt.

Chelsea Hospital, locally, is the home we have described for a limited body, but as the centre of out-pensions it is the headquarters of an army. As stated already, there are not less than 85,000 Out-Pensioners, every one of whom has received his award from this body of Commissioners. It seems strange, at first sight, that Her Majesty's Secretary of State or Her Majesty's Government cannot grant a military pension to a soldier, though they pension his officers and the members of all other public services. But so it is. According to law, no one but the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital can grant a pension to a soldier. The Government may appoint the Commissioners, and may issue general rules for their guidance, but only the Commissioners can apply these rules to the individual cases of soldiers. They scrutinise his service, his character, his wounds or diseases, and determine on the reward to be assigned to him, within the limits allowed by Parliament. They have extensive powers over him after he is pensioned, and can reduce or take away his allowance for just cause, and they can also increase it for sufficient reasons. The principal advantage of this independence of the Commissioners is, perhaps, the consequent freedom of the pension system from political influence; and the next advantage is, that soldiers have more confidence in being dealt with by gentlemen of high station, most of whom have commanded in the field, than by civilians of whom they know nothing. In the order of change, the propriety of the system has been often questioned, but, after inquiry, has been left undisturbed.

(Concluded on page 154)





DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

The two girls walked homewards together in silence

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

FARMER AUSTIN'S SPEECH

THE temporary absence of Sir Richard and his family from the tent had untied the tongues of its inmates. Having once beheld their new lord and his belongings, their sluggish minds, which could no more imagine a subject than Eton boys (at least it was so in my time) can make Latin verses until their tutor starts them with an idea, had now something to go upon, and they went. A great deal of confused criticism had set in at the table of the village magnates—not exactly what is termed in journalistic circles “log rolling,” but still of a eulogistic kind. There was what is termed in Parliament (so called perhaps from its delight in long words) “a general consensus of opinion” that, for a Frenchwoman, Lady Trevor was “a good sort,” while Charley’s free-and-easy manners and pleasant smile had carried all hearts by storm. Curiously enough, with Sir Richard, whom they had known before, they did not feel so much at home. Indeed, with those who were old enough to recollect him that circumstance was against him rather than otherwise. He had never been hand and glove with them—nor even glove—and it was not likely that his foreign experiences had made him “more kin” to Mirbridge. To the rest he was not only novel, but inexplicable, and, on the whole, unsatisfactory. His careworn face, so prematurely old-looking, his manners so studiously civil and yet so strained, the anxiety that displayed itself even in the very acknowledgment of their felicitations, and, above all, that appearance of intense boredom with the whole proceedings, all his efforts could not conceal, but which was fortunately set down to ill-health—for it seemed out of reason that a man should not be pleased with what was done in his own honour—weighed him down in the scale of public opinion.

For the first time since the disappointment of the morning, Farmer Austin congratulated himself that he had not let off his oft-repeated speech. It had been naturally devoted to Sir Richard himself, had painted the happiness of his neighbours at seeing him once more among them and in his proper place, which it went on to imply was, on the whole, on horseback; it had assured him that if he took the hounds—the pack had been broken up on its late master’s death, and was distributed among the yeomen in the neighbourhood—there was not a farmer who would shut his gate against him. But it would have been clearly ridiculous to have spoken in that way of a man who wore polished leather shoes and a double eyeglass. It was the same with the joys he had foreseen for him in the way of shooting. “How can a man walk through a turnip-field in *those* things?” was the natural reflection. At the same time, this good man, who was ignorant of the

cheering fact Science has discovered, that Force is never wasted, but spends itself somewhere (let us hope in some higher sphere), he was naturally loth that his eloquence should be lost. Emboldened by the absence of the original subject of his eulogy, he therefore rose to his feet amid deafening cheers, and proceeding to piece together such fragments of his speech as his memory could collect, transferred with admirable ingenuity what was so plainly inappropriate to his landlord to his landlord’s son.

“Sir Richard,” he said, “they all knew, was by nature not only just but liberal; many of those present remembered his generosity as a young man (and indeed Master Richard had been free-handed enough), and now that he had come home to look after things for himself (a hit at Mr. Morris, the agent, who was by no means popular), he (the speaker) was well convinced that it would turn out to be a happy day for Mirbridge. Repairs would be more fairly attended to and improvements allowed for. (“Hear, hear,” from the farmers, and “There’s nothing like leather” from the veterinary surgeon, who had no land, and was of a cynical disposition.) Well, that being so (here the excision began), he, Jacob Austin, had said enough upon that point. He was glad to think that Sir Richard had brought home a wife, as seemed every way worthy of him. (Tremendous cheers.) She was a lady, every inch of her, that was certain (here ensued a general murmur of assent). It was said that the fine feast—finer than the Four Acre Field had ever seen yet—provided for the school elsewhere, had been especially ordered by her ladyship. Buns with sugar on ‘em, and dried fruits as was not to be got in every shop (shrill cheers from the juveniles, who had by this time cleared the board, and recovered speech though not motion; they were “stodged”). Well that was a pretty tray. It wasn’t every young man that made a good choice in his wife; some was only taken by good looks [Here it suddenly struck the orator he was entering on dangerous ground; he was greatly relieved to hear the voice of the cynic inquiring “How do you know? You are a bachelor, Jacob.”] The old farmer did not mind chaff—holding that commodity at its market value—and the personal reflection was at all events greatly preferable to the mind of “the vet.” having taken the same direction as his own]. Well there was something more than good looks in her ladyship, though there was plenty of them too, and then look at their son, who many years hence let us hope—yes, ‘when I’m grassed over,’ as Mr. Vet yonder is good enough to observe—will reign in his father’s place. He will be one, if I am not much mistaken, as Mirbridge will delight to honour. (Here the cheering greatly increased, as the object of eulogy reappeared with his parents in the tent.) One knows a good fellow when one sees him, independent of the cut of his coat. Not as Mr. Hugh’s coat yonder is not better cut than mine by a good deal, I

dare say. (Here roars of laughter, interspersed with personal allusion. “Well done, Farmer Austin;” “What’ll Shearwell (his tailor) say to that?”) I say, here’s a young man as will do Mirbridge credit; fit to hunt the county.”

An extempore discourse has this undeniable advantage (as far as its hearers are concerned) over its otherwise equally terrible rival the lecture, that it is subject to slips and disasters, which may considerably relieve the weariness with which one listens to it, and in this way Farmer Austin, meaning to make a speech, had really been giving an entertainment. To those who were acquainted with the real state of affairs, the position was indeed supremely ridiculous. The news that Sir Richard and his wife were to be accompanied by their elder son had filtered down from the Rectory in the morning, and had received no public contradiction. Farmer Austin, like the great majority of those present, had no suspicion that he was welcoming Charles Trevor, and not his brother Hugh. Those who were in the secret were naturally the more tickled by the happy ignorance of the rest. Lucy Thorne in particular, with her handkerchief before her face, was half stifled with laughter at the oll’ farmer’s mistake, which, since it involved an eulogy upon her new acquaintance, was by no means displeasing to her. Clara, on the other hand, maintained an impulsive demeanour. She was watching Lady Trevor very closely, and, perceiving she was greatly annoyed, felt not a little sympathy for her. She did not approve of Mr. Charles getting all this praise, however innocently, on false pretences. The Rector and his wife were exceedingly uncomfortable from the same cause, though without sharing her indignation. The orator, unconscious of error, continued to apply the eulogiums once intended for Sir Richard to his second son, to whom they were still more inappropriate, till Mr. Morris, finding his way towards him through the crowd, whispered what was amiss in his ear, which caused him to fall back, into his chair—looking as ridiculously helpless as a horse in a ditch, with his heels in the air.

At this crisis the band struck up—not harmoniously, by reason of some of them laughing through their instruments—but very opportunely. None the less, however, for its abrupt termination (which was generally attributed to liquor) the speech was considered a great success, and to bring matters to a triumphant conclusion.

Charley Trevor laughed till the tears came into his eyes, but not at the farmer losing his legs. “Not till you have seen my brother,” he whispered to Lucy, “will you properly appreciate the intense humour of our eloquent friend’s error. That notion of Hugh’s ‘hunting the county’ was almost the death of me.”

Lucy looked grave at this. It was a remark, she felt, that should not have been made to her; but she was not so much annoyed about

it on her own account as distressed at the feeling which it displayed in the speaker towards his elder brother. She was already sufficiently interested in this young fellow to deplore in him what seemed to be any jealousy or "littleness," and this was not the first time he had exhibited that weakness. A vague determination crossed her mind that if they should grow better acquainted (which seemed possible), she would one day give him a lecture upon this subject. At present, of course this was out of the question, and, indeed, Mr. Charles had not waited for any reply from her, but had already turned his attention to her mother.

He was saying something pretty about the admirable arrangements of the whole feast, and the credit due to her for them.

"When one has *carte blanche*—which your father so generously gave us"—she modestly replied, "it is very easy to do things well, Mr. Charles."

"Is it? Well, I have never had the opportunity myself—that is if *carte blanche* means a blank cheque—of testing the thing," he answered, laughing; "but I think there must be difficulty about it, or there would not be so much waste without taste."

The neatness of the phrase pleased the Vicar no less than its sentiment pleased his wife. It naturally afforded them satisfaction to find the young man accompanying their little party from the Four Acre; a circumstance which excited some comment among the village folk, at least as quick as their betters to notice the influence of the tender emotions.

"Master Charles has an eye for beauty, ain't he?" observed Mr. Wurzel, nodding towards the unconscious Clara, and jingling the shillings that were still to be found in his ample pockets.

"Ah! Chip of the old block so far, at all events," murmured Farmer Austin, with a snigger, for he had not yet recovered from his *fiasco*, which, as is usual in such cases, made him angry with everybody but himself. "Lawks, to think how different things might have been, if Mr. Richard as was had had his own way."

"Well, well; let bygones be bygones," returned the other good-naturedly. "Besides, the two cases are not on all fours, whichever way you look at 'em. For my part, I never saw a young couple as seemed better fitted for one another."

"Just like you, John Wurzel," said Ralph Ward, disdainfully; "never looking above twenty-four hours ahead of you. Why, what do you suppose Parson's daughter and Squire's younger son would have to live upon between 'em? Why about as little as you've got left for yourself, I reckon."

Some objection upon the score of its personality might have been urged in other circles to this retort, but it moved not the honest yeoman one whit.

"Keep your heart up, neighbour Ward," he answered, "neither Master Charles nor Miss Clara are likely to come upon the parish in your time. It's the thought of that, I know, that's troubling you."

At which reference to the Poor Law guardian's well-known apprehension of such catastrophes the audience laughed unreservedly.

The superiority of Clara to her sister in the matter of comeliness was admitted on all hands. Lucy was far and away the favourite in Mirbridge, yet, as Mr. Wurzel himself had once put it, one might worship by preference at Mr. Smug's conventicle, and yet acknowledge that the parish church was a handsomer erection to look at. It would have surprised the village commentators not a little had they known that Miss Clara was no more thinking of Master Charles at that moment than of King Solomon. Her thoughts were engaged upon his lady mother, a woman she rightly divined whose character was not to be read at first sight, or summed up in a sentence. Sir Richard, too, was an enigma to her, as, indeed, he might well be to many who knew far more of the world than she did; but she felt much less interest in the solution of him. His wife seemed to her to have the stronger will; at all events, it is the hen and not the male bird who looks after the chickens, and it was the chickens, or rather one of them, that Miss Clara had in her eye.

A woman's love, unlike that of the coarser sex, is essentially a personal matter, and fixes itself upon one particular object, but a woman's ambition differs but little from that of a man. Clara Thorne's case was common enough—that of a girl who wishes to do the best for herself, and feels there is no time to lose—but her character was an exceptional one. Like many more of her sex than is suspected, her nature was well-nigh passionless; but, what is more rare, she had from the first dawn of womanhood formed a plan of life for herself which comprehended not, indeed, a wide area, but many possibilities. In one way she had but little sympathy with the lover in the ballad who announces his intention, in case he "can't find a black eye to his mind," to straightway take up with a blue one; for she really did not much care, providing he should be suitable in more important respects, whether her swain had a black eye or not; but, on the other hand, she was to the full as philosophic. If she could not have a peer she would be well content with a commoner who would one day be a baronet; in default of him she would have taken a commoner with no such expectations, but sufficiently well-to-do: and so on, and so on, though she would have "stopped somewhere," and in all probability—despite her late hint to the contrary—short of a gentleman farmer, however wealthy, who had so much less of the gentleman than of the farmer about him, as Mr. Jacob Austin. Her opportunities she knew would be few, and she had made up her mind to take advantage of them; and, above all, never to drop the substance (that is the man of substance) for the shadow, in the shape of youth, good looks, and other virtues in connection with an inadequate income. In spite of all this it would have been a libel to call Clara Thorne mercenary, and a still greater one to term her mean. Indeed, she was liberal, with what little she had, even to lavishness. Nature herself, as she was wont (perhaps in unconscious self-excuse) to say, had intended her for a good social position, and she was not going to fly in her face.

Nor, because she was wanting in that tender feeling towards the other sex which we are wont to associate with a maiden's heart, must we suppose Clara Thorne to be deficient in good feeling. She was far, indeed, from being sentimental; but she had an affectionate esteem for her father and mother, and would have sacrificed more for them than many girls who are more demonstrative in their attachment to their parents. Lucy she really loved. It would have given her infinite pain to have found in her a rival; though, had Charles Trevor turned out to be the man she at first had taken him for, she would certainly not have given him up to Lucy. This would not, however, have been so cruel as it would have been in another; for she was incredulous of the strength of an emotion (to which she was herself a stranger) excited on so short an acquaintance, and would have looked on Lucy's weakness for the young man as the father of commercial life, as portrayed upon the stage, regards the first falling in love of his young Hopeful. As matters had turned out, she had no objection to the young gentleman's attentions to her sister. It would not be a good match; but then Lucy was differently constituted from herself, and would find in the devotion of a husband a recompense for his want of worldly goods; and, at all events, Charles Trevor would be better than the village doctor.

The two girls walked homewards together in silence, the elder occupied with her own thoughts, the younger catching with eagerness the crumbs of conversation between her parents and Mr. Charles, who were a few steps ahead of her. With all his naturalness he was not so simple as to neglect the old birds for the young one, however much he might have preferred her tender twitter to their maturer notes. It could not quite be said that he knew on which side his bread was buttered, for in his own case he was only too careless of consequences; but he knew how to spread it for other people. Moreover, he liked both the Rector and his wife, and the

favourable impression they had made on him was reciprocal. As they reached the Rectory gates Mr. Thorne, indeed, was on the point of inviting him to come in, had not a nudge from his lady's elbow foiled the hospitable intent. She was burning to discuss the events of the afternoon, as well as their companion himself, with "the dear girls."

So at the gate Mr. Charles was compelled to take his leave, which he did with much open cordiality, save towards one of the family; who, however, received at least its equivalent in the shape of a lingering pressure of the hand.

CHAPTER XII.

CRITICISMS

EVEN if the gift besought by the poet of "seeing ourselves as others see us" could be granted, it would not go far towards portraying our real characters; for, as in the case of a landscape, their view of us depends mainly on their standpoint. In the family discussion upon the Trevors which, of course, at once took place at the Rectory, there was, for example, only one point of unanimous agreement among them, namely, that her ladyship ruled the roast. Even this was expressed with a difference.

"She strikes me as a person of great force of character," said the Rector admiringly.

"Yes, a very masterful woman," assented Mrs. Thorne.

"No doubt," put in Clara even still more drily. "I should not like to scratch her."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the Rector, "why should you?"

"Clara is only thinking of the proverb, my dear," explained her mother, "about the Russian and the Tartar."

"Oh, how wicked!" replied Lucy indignantly. "It is my belief, mamma, she will turn out a real Lady Bountiful, and be of immense use to you in the parish."

Clara looked volumes of majestic pity at this outburst of enthusiasm.

"What I admire her for," said the Rector, "is the pleasant way she has with everybody."

"Not with everybody, dear papa, surely," said Clara, like a schoolmistress who sets right a favourite pupil; "she was very nice to *you*, no doubt."

"Well, really; now what do *you* say, Amy?" inquired the Rector with a little flush.

"I am not jealous, my dear Percy, if you mean that," said Mrs. Thorne laughing; "though there is no question that her ladyship made herself very agreeable to you; but I do think she has not only a will of her own, but a temper. The way she snapped up poor Mr. Charles once or twice was, I thought, very hard upon him."

"Well, I really never noticed it," answered the Rector. "Did you, Lucy?" he added, turning confidently to that one staunch ally for succour.

"I did not think she was very kind to him, I must say," murmured Lucy. "It is plain he is not her favourite son."

"It is very sad when parents make a difference in their love to their children," observed the Rector with great gravity, and looking out of window as if for the consolation of Universal Nature.

"Sometimes it is ready made for them," remarked Clara, drily, "in which case how can they help it?"

"They ought to help it," said her mother, resolutely.

Clara laughed good-humouredly. It was her custom to look things in the face; and though fully conscious of the secondary position she held in the heart of at least one of her parents, her nature (though as much perhaps from its defects as its merits) was incapable of jealousy.

"In some cases," observed Mrs. Thorne, gently, "it may be impossible to love two sons alike. Where one, for example, has misbehaved himself, and the other has been always dutiful. But I cannot think, from what I have seen of the young man, that Mr. Charles has committed any very serious fault."

She looked round for adhesion to this remark; Lucy's eyes were cast upon the ground, and she answered nothing.

"He seems indeed a frank young fellow enough," said the Rector.

"Still, is it not possible," observed Clara, gravely, "that notwithstanding Charles' many virtues, his elder brother may be still nearer perfection, and thereby have earned the preference of a discerning mother?"

"It may be so, of course," said Mrs. Thorne, smiling. It would have been futile indeed, as she well knew, to enter into the lists with Clara when in the contemptuous vein; one has heard of "chilled shot," and there is also such a thing—in the case of certain natures which seldom stoop to argument—as chilled armour plating.

"Well, of course one has no right to say so," remarked Lucy, impulsively, "but I have a suspicion that Mr. Hugh Trevor is not so very nice."

"You have certainly no right to say so, my dear Lucy," said her mother, reprovingly; "may I ask what induces you to *think* so?"

"I really can't say," said Lucy, confusedly. "It's only a foolish presentiment, and I don't pretend to defend it."

"This is quite a new edition of Dr. Fell," observed the Rector, laughing. "That unfortunate person was at all events visible to his detractors; but poor Mr. Hugh, it seems, is condemned not only unheard, but unseen."

"I have said it was very foolish of me, dear papa," murmured Lucy.

"Well, well, as long as you don't shape your conduct upon such a preconceived conviction, there is no harm done, my dear.—Sir Richard, I am afraid, is by no means in good health. Everything he said and did seemed to cost him an effort."

"The poor man was bored to distraction," observed Clara.

"Then I don't think he ought to have been," said Mrs. Thorne decisively. "Everything was being done to do him honour and give him pleasure; and, if he was bored by it, it was not only ungracious but ungrateful."

"Still, think of Farmer Austin, and a school-feast, and Lady Joddrell, all in one day!" sighed Clara sympathetically. "If he had anything wrong in his system—gout, for instance—it must have brought it out."

"I didn't like the look of his eyes," remarked the Rector, who rather prided himself, and not without reason—for he had a large practice as a gratuitous medical adviser—upon his diagnosis.

"That is better than taking objection to his nose," observed Clara grimly.

"My dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Thorne, "how can you?"

It was, indeed, an observation not only reprehensible of itself, but exceedingly out of keeping with the character of the speaker. As usual, however, Clara had her reasons for making it. She wished to distract attention from Lucy, whom she herself, as she was well aware, had led into an indiscretion of speech of which she was bitterly repenting.

"Oh, as to that," said the Rector, "I am quite sure Sir Richard has nothing to reproach himself with. He is not that sort of man at all. Moreover, I noticed that he only put his lips to the glass when he drank our healths."

"Perhaps he knew the sherry came from the 'Sun,'" suggested Clara. "Seriously, however, I agree with you, papa, that it is he, and not Lady Trevor, that is the invalid."

"I wonder why he should have tried to persuade us to the contrary?" murmured Mrs. Thorne.

"Perhaps there was some passing ailment of her ladyship; if so, it has suddenly disappeared. I never saw a woman adapt herself

with better grace to circumstances that must have been so very literally foreign to her," remarked the Rector.

"There seemed to be more grace than ease about her," observed Clara.

"How so?" demanded her father. "Dear me, how difficult it is for a person of your own sex, provided only she is striking and attractive, to please you women."

"On the other hand, dear papa," rejoined the elder daughter demurely, "how easily she pleases *your* sex. I do not deny that Lady Trevor has great gifts; but I am not quite so sure that she possesses the attribute which you are accustomed to place above all others of a social kind—that of naturalness."

"That is because, in her particular case, naturalness itself must seem to us to have a certain artificiality about it. That fact especially struck me when Lady Trevor was speaking to Miss Yorke. Anything more pleasant than her manner I never saw in any one, while her interest in the schoolmistress and her pupils was, I am sure, perfectly genuine, and yet the contrast between the two women was so marked as almost to exclude the idea of sympathy between them."

"She is certainly a thorough Frenchwoman," observed Mrs. Thorne in a tone of conciliation, intended for all parties.

"Of that," said Clara, drily, and to the considerable confusion of the last speaker, "I am no judge; but as regards naturalness I confess Lady Trevor gave me no impression of that kind, although what she said may have cost her less effort than in Sir Richard's case."

"She was in a very trying situation," put in the Rector, apologetically.

"No doubt," admitted Clara frankly, "moreover Mr. Austin's mistake would have ruffled almost any one's temper. It made a failure of what would otherwise have been a considerable success."

"I am glad Mr. Smug had the good sense to absent himself," observed the Rector, naively; he was thinking of a possible break in the harmony of the day which would have more nearly concerned himself.

"It is not unlikely," said Clara, "that his natural delicacy of mind was assisted by a hint from the agent to stay at home."

"I hope he did not hurt the old man's feelings," returned the Rector gravely; "Mr. Morris is not very diplomatic."

"Diplomatic! he is the rudest man I know," remarked Clara.

"He has never been rude to *you*, my dear, I do hope," said the Rector, with a humorous pretence of apprehension.

"No. It was a mistake of mine to call him undiplomatic, because he never bullies, save where he can do so with safety. He is tempestuous only with the reeds. With us he is one of those hearty, plain-spoken fellows, who are a little rough in their manner, but thoroughly honest; but many people, whose opinion is of no consequence, think him a bit of a rogue."

"Hush, hush, my dear; we must not say such things of our neighbours, even in jest. It is not wise, and, what is of more consequence, it is not right."

"I wonder what Lady Trevor thought of Lady Joddrell, Clara?" said Mrs. Thorne, by way of flinging a spoonful of oil upon the waves that were gathering upon her elder daughter's brow.

"After what papa has said I am afraid to answer that question," was the dry reply, "though I think I could. It would be much more interesting, however, to know what Lady Joddrell thought of Lady Trevor. Much as some queen whose (limited) monarchy is threatened regards, I fancy, a pretender to her throne. What is of even more consequence to Lady Trevor, however, is what Mrs. Westrop thinks of her. It would have been an act of charity to whisper in her ear as she went out to meet her, 'Conciliate that woman.' I would rather have her on my side than half the county."

"Well, I confess if I were Lady Trevor I would not make a friend of Mrs. Westrop," said Lucy.

"Perhaps not; but if you were Lady Trevor, and the clever woman I take her to be, you would not make an enemy of her. She has a very sharp tongue."

The Rector, who was flattening his nose against the window, here gave a little cough.

"I assure you it is a great deal sharper than mine, papa," continued Clara, quietly; "and, besides, I only address my remarks to the family circle."

The Rector had it on his lips to say that though this was a great advantage it was confined to those outside of it, but, taught by long experience, he held his peace.

"How magnificently she was dressed, was she not?" exclaimed Mrs. Thorne, with sudden enthusiasm. "Even you, Percy, must have noticed that."

"Mrs. Westrop! Well, really! I didn't look at her."

"No, no; Lady Trevor, of course," returned his wife, a little impatient at this melancholy ineptitude in one of whose intelligence she had so high an opinion. "I should not be at all surprised if it was Worth."

"Worth what?" inquired the good man, not perceiving that she had finished her sentence. The three ladies burst out laughing; there is nothing that tickles the fancies of women so much as ignorance of attire in the male; it is like the utterance of a false quantity among scholars.

"You dear, good papa," cried Lucy, embracing him, "what is the use of your having taken a first-class at Cambridge? Mamma is speaking of a lady's tailor. In England Worth makes the Man, but in Paris he makes the Woman."

(To be continued)



MRS. H. MUSGRAVE'S "ILLUSIONS" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is an illustration of how, by force of genius, work of the finest order can be developed from the most unpromisingly-slender materials. We never use the term "genius" lightly, or without special significance; and alike in the construction, the style, and the grasp of character, at once strong and subtle, displayed in Mrs. Musgrave's work, it is beyond question to be found. "Illusions" may be shortly described as a combination of masculine vigour with feminine sympathy. Of story, in the ordinary sense, there is little; there is nothing that thousands of people might not find around them everywhere, in one form or another, simply by keeping their eyes and their hearts open. But when one gets to know people as one knows those among whom Mrs. Musgrave brings us, a very slender thread of story serves to more than merely maintain an interest in them. To that insight which perceives the varieties of our common human nature, and which differentiates them through the accidents of society or circumstance, the authoress adds the power of making them perfectly clear. She is not without the dramatic touch on occasion, but her forte lies, it must be owned, rather in criticism than in action. Often enough her criticism is unsparing—when she finds the lash needful, even in the case of a favourite character, she uses it in such wise as to make the reader inclined to apply to himself the answer of Nathan to King David. But she has none of the bitterness of satire; one feels that her lash is meant in kindness, and intended to do all the good which in great measure it cannot fail to do. There is a current tendency, for example, especially among young women, to choose between the extremes of

apathy and recklessness, because they are, or think themselves, misunderstood, or disillusioned, or virtually alone in the world, such ought to find themselves inspired by a woman like Medea. Such a woman brings good for herself and for others out of her disillusionments, and who refuses to find herself useless and alone, and all this without more than the inevitable amount of self-consciousness, we do not remember to have met with. Mrs. Musgrave's men are equally good with her women, so that the novel has a unity of merit as well as of purpose and of construction. Did space permit, it would be a pleasant task to criticise her *dramatis personae* in detail. It must suffice, however, to draw special notice to the life and death of the deaf and dumb girl, Philomela, and to the pleasant oddities of Miss Godbold, as illustrations respectively of Mrs. Musgrave's powers of pathos and of humour.

"Young Mistley," by an anonymous author (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), has many of the good qualities of "Illusions," in the way of rendering the realities of human nature and in the general brightness and excellence of its style. The portraiture is altogether admirable—indeed, it is very rarely that two novels so far above the average come before us together. "Young Mistley," however, suffers from the serious fault of unskillful construction. Its author has failed to strike the golden mean in the matter of plot—there is either too much of it or too little; too much for a novel of character—too little for one of incident. For the novel cannot be regarded as one of both combined. The appearance of imaginary and apparently impossible Nihilists (of whom, by the way, we have had far too much of late) into a story of English life is incongruous and intrusive. Then the sudden adventure in the desert of Bokhara is so dramatic in itself, while so unprepared and so resultless, as to read as if it had strayed out of some very different kind of story and mistaken "Young Mistley" for its proper abode. Still, while the novel is thus suggestive of patchwork, each separate piece, when taken by itself, is excellent both in form and colour. A little more skill would have made it still more interesting. But its interest, as it stands, is "very far indeed above ordinary fiction, and for its portraiture, both generally and in individual touches, we have nothing but praise."

"A New Face at the Door," by Jane Stanley (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is not without interest, considered merely as an exceeding unlikely story without regard to character, nor is it badly told. Altogether, the novel is better than its exceedingly unpromising title, which Jane Stanley has contrived to apply to her story by rather forcible means—if not without rhyme, yet certainly without apparent reason. The central personage is a very unsatisfactory young woman indeed, who, by regular gradations, rises, or descends, from simple flirtation to murder. If Jane Stanley intends to point a moral, it is rather a violent one. On the whole, her story is certainly of the kind usually classified as "readable."

"Lillo and Ruth," by Helen Hays (1 vol.: James Clarke and Co.), with the sub-title of "Aspirations," is an American story, without any very appreciable reason for existing. Lillo starts as a little boy with a genius for Art, who develops into a fine painter, and turns out, to his own surprise, to be an Italian nobleman with a large estate. Not only so, but he marries a very nice girl named Ruth, and finally goes to live in the United States for good and all. This outline does not sound specially interesting, nor does Helen Hays's method of colouring and filling-in render it so. Indeed, it is harmless and colourless altogether.

There is plenty of colour, of a sort, about "His Sisters," by Herbert P. Earl (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), but, unfortunately, it happens to be of an exceedingly unpleasant tone. The story is one of which we have had enough and too much—the materials for a very ordinary divorce case, served in a somewhat more literary manner than that of the newspaper reports. As a piece of literature, and apart from its subject, the effect would be improved by a little more consistency on the part of the characters. No doubt human nature seems very inconsistent; but the office of the novelist is to reduce seeming inconsistency to real consistency. Nothing we have said is intended to suggest that Mr. Earl treats his topic with anything but the severest propriety, or from any but a moral point of view. He has only been unlucky as well as commonplace in his choice of a plot, and is not otherwise than commonplace in its management.



MESSRS. WICKENS AND CO.—Two pleasing songs, music by W. H. Jude, are: "Plymouth Sound," words by G. Clifton Bingham, and "The Castle Gate," words by "Cristabel"; the latter is the more original of the two.—"Your Voice," written and composed by "Cristabel," and Berthold Tours, will not add to the reputation of either poet or composer; there is a good violin obbligato to this song.—There is much freshness and originality in "Olde and New," a vocal gavotte, words by G. Clifton Bingham, music by Theo. Bonheur; the frontispiece is quaintly got up after the antique; a long and prosperous career may be anticipated for this "Earlie Englyshe Ballad." The above gavotte is also published for the pianoforte alone.—"Gwendoline," a "rigadoon" for the pianoforte, by Allen Macbeth, is a bright and tuneful piece.—Nos. 2 and 3 of Wickens' "Violin Studies" (High School Series), contains some useful and ornamental practice by Henry Lawson, Ernest Brummen, and G. Braga in the form of reveries, impromptus, gigue, &c.—For young students we have before us "Gems from the Classics," in very small doses, only two pages at a time. No. 6 is an air by Weber, fingered and arranged by Ch. Stephano.—"Gems for Little Players" contains a series of well-known dance music, also arranged and fingered by Ch. Stephano.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A descriptive song, which will be much admired if well sung, is "Two Thousand Years Ago" (A Legend of the Summer Floss), written and composed by Piccolomini, who tells us in his preface that, "Bearing in mind one touching incident in the Nativity, viz., that the Virgin Mother had not even the wherewithal to clothe her new-born babe, I have ventured to coin this legend in connection with the Summer Floss" (Messrs. Elton and Co.).—A dainty little song for a soprano is "My Gentle Swallow," words by "C. E. B.," music by Erskine Allon (The London Music Publishing Company).—Longfellow's sweet poem "Two Locks of Hair" has been fairly well set to music by Albert D. Furse (W. B. Healey).—The words, by the Rev. S. Pascoe, of "Long Ago" are set to somewhat feeble music by C. G. Oliver (Messrs. Patey and Willis).—Highly to be commended is "The Systematic and Comprehensive Singing Manual," by Frederic Farnside, who in his preface states that "this is not an elementary instruction-book on singing, but a 'Manual of Singing' for the cultivation of the voice on the most approved modern scientific system"—a nice but veritable distinction (Messrs. Hutchings and Romer).—For a mixed company in the drawing or concert-room, "Feuilles d'Album," six *morceaux* for violin or violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by G. Saint George, will prove very suitable; they are bright and melodious (Charles Woolhouse).—"Nocturne and Bourrée" for the pianoforte, by Rose Anson, are simple and easy; they can be learnt by heart (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—The same may be said of "The Princess of Thule," a sketch for pianoforte, by John More Simeton (Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co.)—A waltz and a minuet form the ballet, by

E. Casoti, entitled "Enchantment," composed by G. Jacobi, are very fair specimens of their type (Messrs. C. Mahillon and Co.)—A striking portrait of Henry Irving attracts favourable attention to a "Waltz" by Horatio N. King, which bears the name of, and is dedicated to, the celebrated actor; the music is good and attractive (Messrs. Keith, Prowse, and Co.)—"Une Fleur de Plus" is a sprightly redowa, by N. Bonsquet (Messrs. Rivière and Hawkes).—"The Gipsy Polka," by John A. Partington, is very spirited and dance-provoking (Frederick Pitman).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

TWO rather remarkable poetical dramas, by Michael Field, who has already made a name in that style of literature, will be found in "Canute the Great: The Cup of Water" (Geo. Bell and Sons). The historical play is by far the better, as it is the more important of the two. In the preface Mr. Field explains his object as being the setting forth of the tragedy of evolution as exemplified in the history of the great Danish King, and this is further insisted upon in Canute's closing speech at Glastonbury, declaring his intent of future devotion to the elevation of his English realm, and remorse for the murder of Edmund Ironsides. The characters are drawn with unusual strength, notably those of Canute himself and the treacherous Queen Emma, into whose mouths some of the finest poetical passages and most effective speeches are placed; the love scene in Act II., in which she beguiles the infatuated Prince, is worthy of all praise—it is a veritable case of Samson and Delilah. Equally fine, in a different way, is the interview between the two after the murder, when Edric of Mercia has met the just reward of his treason. This is a noble passage,—the half-distraught King speaks:—

The stars
Have steadfast faces, and prefix our doom;
It is the wandering comets lead astray
With unsteered courses. What is permanent
Is god-like, and the shifty things a flaw
And a discredit to the universe.
Heaven hath so honoured man that ne can bring
His word to pass, and make a feeble promise,
A breath, and an endeavour, more assured
Than rise or set of sun. That majesty
Being disowned, there is no use in kings,
No purpose to accomplish.

We might point also to Emma's speech over the corpse of Ethelred to Canute's rhapsody concerning her, and to the death of the poor mad boy, Alfgar. It must be noted that the mad scenes—most difficult things to write—are really effective and pathetic. Mr. Field shows us also that he can write good skaldic verse. The fragment given is admirable; but why make a dissyllable of "fjord?" To the pronunciation of the king's name we suppose we must submit by reason of long use. The "Cup of Water" is a romantic play of tragic interest, founded on a hint by the late Mr. Rossetti; but it must be owned that it falls rather flat after "Canute." The book, as a whole, is one to be read.

"Fires of Green Wood," by Francis Prevost (Kegan Paul), has nothing that we can discover to recommend it. The opening piece, in which the writer impersonates a woman, is a rather tiresome story of how a young woman gave away her heart where it was not wanted. "Heristal of Mortain" is a preachy fragment of a drama which Mr. Prevost did wisely to abandon. The chief incident, amidst much sermonising and sophistry, is that Heristal, to spite the Queen of Somewhere—for whom he entertains an illicit passion—eats deadly nightshade berries, with the natural result.



FLEEMING JENKIN, Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh, had during his lifetime a considerable reputation in scientific circles, while remaining practically unknown to the general public. Yet he was a man of remarkable gifts. He had, first of all, the gift of inspiring love in all his friends. He had a keen and restless mind which led him to pursue all kinds of studies far removed from those scientific ones in which it was the particular business of his life to be engaged. He wrote a curious but interesting play to illustrate his theory of the art of dramatic construction; he made a searching study of rhythm; he wrote on the dress of the ancient Greeks; he was an eager student of the drama, and wrote excellent papers on the actor's art; his criticisms on the "Origin of Species" won commendation from Darwin himself: and all these studies were but the recreations of a man who was intensely laborious in his own special pursuits as an engineer and electrician. The life of such a man would seem well worth knowing; some of his papers, at least, must have a more than private interest. When we say that the life of Fleeming (pronounced Fleming) Jenkin has been written by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, that his miscellaneous papers have been edited by Professor Sidney Colvin, and his scientific ones by Professor J. A. Ewing, while Sir William Thomson and Colonel Alexander Ferguson contribute special Notes on particular aspects of Professor Jenkin's work, the whole being issued together in two large volumes, it will be seen that here is a book which, from one side or the other, must have something of interest for us all. Some, no doubt, will be attracted by the fact that Mr. Stevenson has written the first merely by the fact that Mr. Stevenson has written the biography. This is an admirable work. Mr. Stevenson first knew Professor Jenkin as a Professor at the Edinburgh University, and was a pupil under him. Subsequently, despite the difference of age, the two became firm friends. Mr. Stevenson's notice is sympathetic and complete. The mannerisms, the occasional affectations, of his style are less marked than in some other of his recent writings, and this is for the better. No one can read this biographical essay without coming to respect and love Mr. Jenkin. Mr. Stevenson goes at length, in a brilliant chapter, into the ancestry of Fleeming Jenkin, and draws the life of his friend from boyhood to death with delightful ease, sympathy, and charm. Sounder and better work of its kind we have not seen for a long time. Of absolute integrity of mind, with occasional roughness of manner, which made him not very popular with strangers, and with a capacity for loving which was extraordinarily conspicuous in the case of his wife, and scarcely less so in that of his mother, Jenkin stands out clearly as a man it would have been a delight and a privilege to know. As to the papers of Jenkin himself there is not one which does not bear witness to the vigour, the freshness, the buoyancy of his mind. "Papers, Literary, Scientific, &c.," by the late Fleeming Jenkin (Longmans and Co.) is, in short, a worthy memorial of a man whose memory should not soon be allowed to pass away. The results of his scientific labours will be potent for many years to come.

Mr. Froude's new book, "The English in the West Indies" (Longmans), is very well worth reading—better even worth reading than "Oceana," and that was an admirable book. There is no man living, save, perhaps, Mr. Ruskin and Cardinal Newman, who has a more complete mastery of English prose than Mr. Froude, and as pure literature the book is full of charm. Mr. Froude made a long journey, and visited all the chief islands of the West Indies. They were the

only English colonies which he had not previously visited, and he wished to see for himself how the modern ideas are working in Jamaica, Trinidad, and Barbados, as he had previously studied them at the Cape and in South Africa. No one who knows anything about Mr. Froude will be surprised to hear that he thinks affairs in the West Indies are in a bad way. Mr. Froude is a persistent praiser of the past times, and in modern politics he sees nothing but decay—talkers glibly undoing what the workers of long ago laboriously built up. On all this he writes a great deal of Carlylese, and he never misses a chance of throwing a stone, in pure lightness of heart, at whatever Radicals come across his path. Carrying these ideas to the West Indies, and looking at everything through the medium of his preconceived theories, Mr. Froude naturally found many circumstances to confirm his views. Everywhere he found that liberty was the curse of the negro. Equality has been thrust upon a race which is obviously inferior, with the worst results to themselves, and with increasing danger to the white population, which is daily becoming more despondent in the absence of any sign of hearty backing from the mother-country. We have given the blacks liberty where we ought to have given them authority; and the West Indies, to be prosperous, should be governed as we govern India. That is Mr. Froude's theory in a nutshell, and he elaborates it with infinite skill throughout the volume. He went first to Barbados, visited Trinidad, St. Lucia, Dominica, Jamaica, Cuba, and other islands. About all he says much that is of the highest interest and importance; chatting now about Kingsley's experiences in Trinidad; then discussing the question of Colonial Home Rule; next, with a few skilful lines, drawing the portrait of some notability whom he met; and again uttering mournful words on negro immorality and the decay of faith. One may enjoy, admire, delight in the book—in fact, do everything but be persuaded by it. For some of Mr. Froude's favourite and constantly reiterated opinions are really mere cant. This talk about the sayer and the doer is at best but a half-truth, and the constant repetition of it is not a little ridiculous. If it be the unpardonable sin to be an eloquent talker, how is Mr. Froude himself, with his many volumes of golden words, to escape censure? But the danger of accepting Mr. Froude's opinions is only equalled by the danger of accepting his facts. He appears to have a constitutional inability to present facts as they are, and it is positively unsafe to accept his statements on any simple matter of fact without corroborative evidence from other sources. And to what extremes of political immorality and monstrous distortion of facts he is dragged by the theory of the Doer versus the Talker, this amazing sentence clearly shows:—"Warren Hastings wins India for us; the eloquent Burke desires and passionately tries to hang him for it?" The eloquent Burke! With such an easy sneer as this does Mr. Froude try to detract from the nobility of one of the greatest political philosophers of the world. But then Burke was all his life a passionate friend of Ireland, and that in itself is enough to make Mr. Froude his enemy.

"Ourselves and Our Neighbours," by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton (Ward and Downey), will scarcely, we think, give much pleasure to the friends of that lady, who know her as one of America's tenderest living poets. Mrs. Moulton's essays are far inferior to her poetry. Her poetry has a special charm and grace, her prose essays are deficient in both, and are not marked by any powers of observation or expression. How so accomplished a lady can have found so little of interest to say on such topics as "Motives for Marriage," "After Marriage," and "The Small Coin of Social Exchange," is indeed surprising. Mrs. Moulton, as an American who knows intimately the society of Europe, would seem to have had exceptional opportunities for observation and comparison; but we find nothing in her reflections that is original or entertaining.

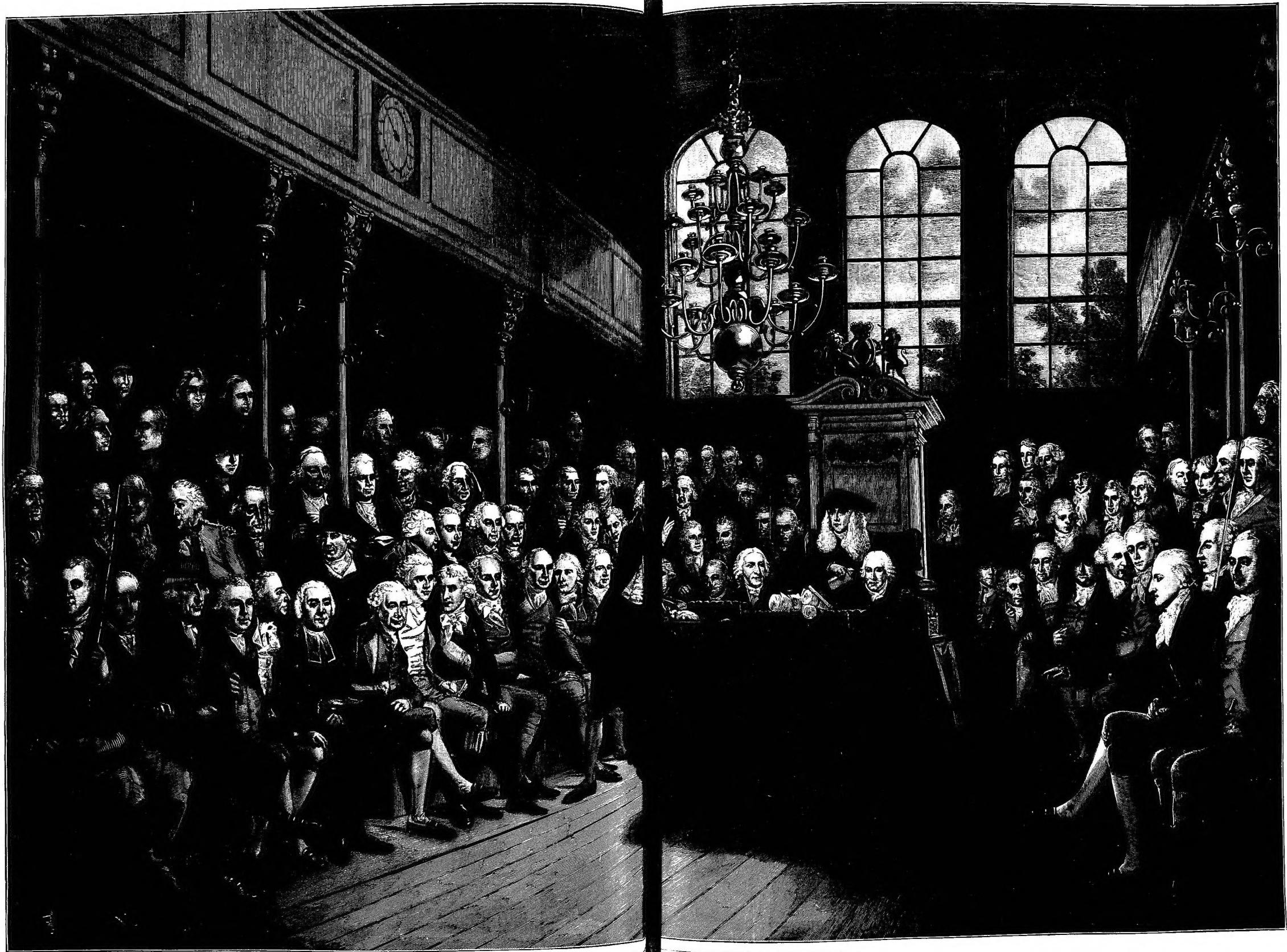
Lawless, as the family name of the house of Cloncurry, has been not inconspicuous in the history of the "English garrison" in Ireland. Little if any trace, however, of the views of the party of the Protestant ascendancy is to be found in "Ireland," by the Hon. Emily Lawless, the most recent volume of the "Story of the Nations" Series (T. Fisher Unwin). Miss Lawless has evidently taken great pains to make her book quite impartial. It has, therefore, considerable value as a safe guide to Irish history to put into the hands of children and young students. We have seen no other book of the class in which the main facts of the melancholy history of Ireland are narrated with more terseness and less prejudice. The book, of course, is not philosophic, and it lays claim to no original research, but it is skilfully and honestly done.

"The Life of Goldsmith" and "The Life of Smollett" are the latest additions to the rapidly growing "Great Writers" Series (Walter Scott). "Goldsmith" is by Mr. Austin Dobson, "Smollett" by Mr. David Hannay, and the mere mention of these names is enough to show that the biographies are written with care and spirit. They are, indeed, two of the very best of the series. Mr. Austin Dobson is enabled to print some hitherto unpublished letters of Goldsmith from the collection of Mr. F. Locker-Lampson, and Mr. John P. Anderson has supplied, as usual, excellent bibliographies.

A careful volume, though one undistinguished by the higher critical qualities, is Mr. James Fotheringham's "Studies in the Poetry of Robert Browning" (Kegan Paul and Co.). It might very well be used as a guide and companion to Browning by those (and we suppose there must be many) who are now reading him for the first time. It is rather as an expositor than as a critic that Mr. Fotheringham comes forward. His function is the humbler; but the exposition is needed, if such a poet as Browning is to be made intelligible to "the people." In the chapters on "Browning's Ideal of Religion," Mr. Fotheringham has not vainly endeavoured to throw a little light into some of the obscurest recesses in modern poetry.

From M. Calman Lévy, 3, Rue Auber, Paris, we have received some fine specimens of French taste in the art of book-production. "Chants du Soldat," the well-known patriotic songs of M. Paul Déroulède, the late chief of the party of *la Revanche*, are produced with much sumptuousness in a volume illustrated by such fine artists as MM. De Neuville and Détaille. Most of the illustrations are carefully reproduced by "process" in black and white; a few only are printed in colours. No pains has been spared in the printing, and as faithful reproductions of the artist's work these clever illustrations could scarcely be surpassed. The same may be said of the illustrations to George Sand's "François le Champi." These are by Eugène Burnand, and are mostly landscapes. They are produced with a cleverness which shows that the French are quite equal to the American printers in the art of dealing with "process" blocks. In even the smallest of these illustrations there are charming effects of light and atmosphere. The third book from the same publishers is in a different manner. This is "Les Chasseurs;" a series of clever satirical sketches from the pen of "Crafty," the well-known Parisian caricaturist. There are illustrations, sometimes three or four, on each page, and they give every possible aspect of equestrianism as seen by French eyes. Another important work recently issued in Paris is "La Côte d'Azur," by Stephen Liégeard (Maison Quantin). It is an elaborate work on the Riviera, profusely illustrated both by "process" and wood-blocks. It is scarcely possible to praise too highly the manner in which these illustrations are produced. They are examples of the most admirable skill in printing, and the text appears to be comprehensive and accurate. The book ought to be highly popular with the many thousand visitors to the Mediterranean coast.

The first volume reaches us, from Messrs. Cassell and Co., of "The Henry Irving Shakespeare," containing *Love's Labour Lost*,



THE INTERIOR OF THE
FROM THE PICTURE BY
PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA TO LADY

1. General Porter, M.P. for Stockbridge (of the Guards)	9. Dudley Ryder
2. Pitt, Master of the Rolls	10. Canning
3. Lord McCartney	11. Mr. Pitt
4. Henry Dundas	12. Lord Bayham
5. Jenkinson	13. Mifflin
6. Lord Mornington, K.P.	14. Mr. Hassell
7. Lord Thurlow	15. Speaker Addington
8. Henry Dundas	16. Mr. Ley
	17. Mr. Horne
	18. Charles James Fox
	19. R. B. Sheridan

Giving the Names of all those
Portrait Gallery have
up to the present time

the Authorities of the National
Portrait Gallery have

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1793
KARL ANTON HICKEL
PAGET FOR THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

The Comedy of Errors, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Romeo and Juliet, and King Henry VI., Part I. A special interest attaches to this on account of Mr. Irving's capital Essay on Shakespeare as a playwright; and Mr. Frank A. Marshall's notes and introductions are good. It is illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne.

"Graded Lessons on St. Luke's Gospel" (Church of England Sunday School Institute) are by Mr. W. Taylor, Master of Method in Battersea Training College, and are fully as useful as his "Graded Lessons on the Pentateuch." Not a single word is left unexplained, and the hints to teachers are practical and suggestive.

HINDOO PILGRIMS

BY A HINDOO

PILGRIMAGES form a most important part of the Hindoo religion. They are undertaken professedly for the expiation of sin, which, according to Brahminical notions, is inherent in every man, and their merit consists in the hardships and sufferings undergone during the journey, in the ablutions performed at the shrine, and in the worship of the deity presiding therein, who, of course, cannot be approached but through the priests, to whom satisfactory presents must be made.

Hindoo pilgrims generally travel long distances before they reach the holy places, and the greater the distance a pilgrim goes the more meritorious is his pilgrimage. They are very often seen in companies of forty or fifty men and women, and sometimes even little children—the men having scanty coverings on their persons, the women with bundles on their heads and a pot under one arm—trudging their way under a fierce sun at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles a day. Some pilgrims, bent upon securing for themselves an extra amount of sanctity, measure with their bodies all the distance that lies between their homes and the holy place they have determined to visit. They will move upon their hands and knees, letting their chest touch the ground each time they make a forward motion, and proceed thus for hours together under a blazing sun. And it is some months before they accomplish their journey, which, indeed, is considered by them as more sanctifying than the worship of the deity himself. Once one of these devotees was seen to be accompanied by a woman, apparently his wife, who carried a little broom in her hands, with which she, every time the man moved forward, slightly swept the ground before him, so that the little stones and gravel might not pierce his hands and knees. This operation shocked his companions, who at once made him go back to his home, whence he had to start afresh in a more pilgrimage manner.

Certain it is that the belief of the Hindoo pilgrims in the removal of their sins, by thus bringing upon themselves so much suffering in their long journeys, is not feigned, but real; and, indeed, it is nothing but their blind faith and credulous sincerity that support them so long under their self-inflicted trials and hardships. A few of the pilgrims die on their way to the holy places through constant exposure to the inclemencies of the weather, or succumb to the physical ailments brought on by continuous irregular living, or are killed by robbers or wild beasts. But none the less do they consider themselves as having accomplished the chief object of their pilgrimage—the expiation of sins, and happiness hereafter. Once some pilgrims were returning home from a holy place on the hills during the hot, sickly season, when an old man and his wife, having walked a good distance under a scorching sun, stopped under the shade of a tree, fatigued and hungry. They partook of a melon and some parched grain, which instantly produced an attack of cholera. Both of them died in a few hours. They were, no doubt, returning home with light hearts, having spent the last years of their lives in the performance of sacred duties, and secured, in their imagination, the longed-for beatitude. Perhaps they fondly believed at their death-bed that the melon and the parched grain transported them to Paradise; and their companions, too, were glad that they had died thus, in the very act of earning the boon of eternal happiness.

The most renowned places of pilgrimage in India are Gaya, Prayag, Haridwar, Jagannath, and Benares. Gaya is near Patna, the capital of the fertile district of Behar, in North-Eastern India. It is resorted to principally by those who are anxious to propitiate the spirits of their departed fathers by making their offerings in the shape of balls of rice. Prayag is the old Hindoo town, changed by the followers of Allah into Allahabad, in Northern India. Below Allahabad, where the Ganges and Jumna unite, a third river, called Saraswati, is, according to old Hindoo notions, said to flow under them. This junction is called Tribenee, literally the three-branched, and the sanctifying influences of the union of the three holy waters are secured to the devoted ones by lying for a short time in the water at the point of confluence in a certain prescribed position. Most people go to Haridwar—the door of Hari, or Vishnoo—near the pass through which the holy Ganges bursts from the Himalayas to wash their sins; but thousands from Cabul, Cashmere, and the country beyond the Indus are attracted to Haridwar by the busy traffic in all sorts of things that goes on there during the periodical festivals. Benares, the holiest of holy places to the Hindoos, is too well known to need any description.

Next to Benares, Jagannath, which is unique in many ways among the holy places of the Hindoos, attracts the largest number of pilgrims from all parts of India. The Shrine of Jagannath, commonly called Juggernaut—literally, the Lord of the Universe—stands on the coast of Orissa, amidst level burning sands; and to those who sail up or down the Bay of Bengal, it appears in the distance like a vast black obelisk. It is built of huge blocks of granite, transported with incredible labour from the neighbouring mountains, and consists of a grotesque pyramidal structure about 350 feet in height, and a spacious area enclosed by a lofty wall. Around the wall on the inside there runs a gallery, supported by a double range of pillars, and forming 276 arcades. The four faces of the pyramid are covered with sculptured figures of deities, and its apex is crowned with ornaments of gilt copper, which flash and glitter in the sun. The interior of this stupendous structure, which is in perpetual darkness, is lighted up by a hundred lamps, burning day and night in front of the idol. The image is made of wood, thickly painted, and renewed every three years, when the original bones of the deified hero, Krishna, are removed by a Brahmin from the inside of the old idol to that of the new one. The priest, during this awful operation, covers his eyes, lest the sight of such mysterious relics should consume him like lightning. This priestly terror of course represses in the minds of the worshippers all desire to see Krishna's bones.

Thousands of people from all parts of India annually visit the Temple of Jagannath. The approaching pilgrims cover the road before and behind as far as the eye can reach, and when the temple appears in view at a distance, the whole multitude, uttering a joyful shout, fall down prostrate on the ground, the very touch of which is considered sacred by the orthodox people. There is one great peculiarity about this temple: all castes and tribes of Hindoos, who are so particular in the matter of eating and drinking, may, and do, eat here together of the same food, cooked and served by people of any caste, for Jagannath knows no distinction of caste, or sect, or rank. They all resume their caste practices as soon as they leave the precincts of the temple. The self-immolation of pilgrims, by throwing themselves under the car of Jagannath, which was at one time carried to a fearful extent, is too well known. The huge idol, which is certainly not pretty, is once a year drawn in a car of enormous size, amidst much pomp and ceremony, though very few

people are allowed at the present day to be crushed by it. The Temple of Jagannath is credited with some miraculous powers. It is believed that if seven pots of rice be placed here, one on the top of another, to boil, the rice in the topmost pot will be cooked and ready for use first. Any one acting hypocritically in or about the temple is said to become a leper; this is believed in even by those who have resided in the place nearly all their lifetime without ever seeing such a transformation.

D. N. D.

ENGLISH NOUNS IN FRENCH DRESS

FRENCH journalists, like many of their English *confrères*, are fond of using foreign words and phrases. English is the language upon which they like to draw. There would be nothing to say against this amplification of his native tongue, though, perhaps, unnecessary, were it not that the writer rarely shows the slightest respect for the orthography, pronunciation, or etymology of the words he appropriates. He twists and mutilates them, and tries to give them a native look, while still stamping them as exotics. He italicizes them, but pronounces and otherwise treats them as if they were French. Thus, when he finds a word ending with the syllable "er," he immediately concludes that, because some French verbs happen to have this termination, the word must be a verb, and on this hypothesis proceeds to conjugate it. For instance, *interviewer*, pronounced something like "enterveevy," which appears daily in Paris newspapers, refers not to a person, but stands for the verb "to interview," and when the process of interviewing is completed, a man is said to be *interviewé*. There are a great many English words treated similarly. A Frenchman gets down from an omnibus or tramway (there is no car in this case) after it is *stoppé*, he has *fifte*, that is indulged in what he calls *fifteage*, he has *gallopé* and *troté* in the Bois du Boulogne, and has seen men *sandwichés* in the streets, and he will *five o'clocker* at any hour of the day or evening. There are other barbarisms, such as *lyncher*, which means to lynch, *shunter*, to shunt, and *boxer*, to box—*boxeur* being the substantive. Such very common words as "beefsteak" and "roast beef" are not written correctly, but rendered *biftek* or *bifék* and *rosbif*. The proper pronunciation in this case, or something near it, is thought more important than the correct spelling, since both cannot be obtained. Then there is *paquebot*, in which we may dimly recognise "packet-boat." The French Minister of Postes writes *paque-bot poste*, wherein he shows a lack of etymological knowledge. But the curious thing is that the grand dictionary of the French Academy does not enlighten him on the matter. That authority says that the *pague-bot* is "for the transport of passengers, letters, and merchandise between two countries—sometimes a great distance apart," which is not so very bad, so far as it goes; but the origin of the word is not given. Littré gives it, and also points out that the word *redingote* is, as is perfectly evident, a corruption of "riding-coat," while the Academy dictionary is limited in its information again. It does something, however. It fixes the gender of the word as feminine. *Dogue*, says the same great authority, is a kind of dog generally big and strong, with black hair, and intended for guarding houses. This refers to what is, in French, called the *chien boule dogue*, that is, "dog bull dog."

Some of the linguistic abortions to be found in French newspapers and novels seem to be the result of pretension or ignorance, or of both. One may read daily in the boulevard papers which deal in society gossip of a "very selected" *soirée*. A common expression is *leader article* for "leading article," which is perhaps justified according to the system which makes *leader* an infinitive verb. "Sportmans" is written by those outside the sporting world, and "quelques pences" is frequently met with. "Speaker" and "spokesman" appear in various forms. The "Diable Boiteux" of the *Gil Blas* is looked upon by his *confrères* as a great authority on English, and has a practice of sprinkling his writing rather profusely with English phrases, which is no doubt the secret of his reputation. He is continually making attempts to paraphrase Hamlet's "Alas, poor Yorick!" and as continually renders it "Poor, alas Yorick!" Another journalist who has graduated so far in English as to know that we have a habit of indicating the plural by "s," when he came across two "s's" at the end of a word had not a moment's doubt what to do, so he wrote "business are business." Perhaps he was thinking of the French equivalent *les affaires sont les affaires*.

Some words are more difficult to mutilate than others. Short words—monosyllables—afford limited scope for disfigurement, and generally get off intact. Words relating to sport also fare tolerably well, perhaps because they are in many cases written by Englishmen. A knowledge of French is indeed not necessary to understand the reports of race-meetings, as more than half of the sporting vocabulary is English. Many words relating to commerce have long since been acclimated in France—such as "stock," "docks," "warrant," "sloop," "steamer," &c. "Mail-coach" is correctly written, but the "l" is not pronounced. "Crack" is rendered *crac*, *krak*, and *krack*. A "brig" becomes a *brick*. A Frenchman is sometimes affected with *le spleen*, which of course came from the English, like the word; he wears a "water-proof," goes to a *pique-nique*, eats *plum-pouding*, takes "lunch," attends a *punch* at his Club, drinks *toasts*, he holds an "at home" and a "garden party," keeps a "groom" and a "drag," goes to "great attractions," with a "ticket" (teekey) in preference to a *billet*, laughs at the "clownerie" of the "clown," enjoys himself at a *réunion du "high life"* (*eeg leef*), attends a "meeting" to hear the "spokemans" or to condemn the "Schlockeries" of his political opponents. He likes a game at "whist" or "poker," and takes the "c" which he puts in the latter word out of his "pocket." He carries a "stick," drives a "four-in-hand," and rides in a "sleeping-car" or *wagon-lit*. When drinking "sherry-gobber"—a mysterious American compound—he enjoys a little *fifteage* with the "bars-maids." He is sometimes member of a "rowing-club," sails in a "yacht," plays "lawn-tennis," attends "field-trials," and joins in "hipp-hourahs" on the race-course. He detests the *dandyisme* of *milord* and the *snobisme* of the "cockney." He does not do away altogether with the "c" in the last word, he has only transferred it to "breack." He commences a conversation through the telephone with the exclamation "allo!" goes on a "rally-paper" (paper hunt), and is proud that he can indulge in many little pleasantries which the English would put down as "shocking," but which he carries on with impunity, and in his own language considers at "all right" too. Two objectionable things, and two undesirable persons, all from England of course, have been thrust on his country. They are *le dry-röt*, *le mildew*, *le pickpocket*, and the *bookmaker*. Rochefort connects the bookmaker from Robert Macaire, and talks of *book-macaireisme*.

Most of the words already mentioned are always written in italics, which compels us to acknowledge them even in their new dress: There are many others which have gone through the necessary stages of evolution until they have been permanently incorporated in the language. To enter on this subject, however, would afford our French friends too excellent an opportunity for retaliation. We have done a good deal in that line ourselves, and are still at it, though it must be said that until we finally annex foreign words in casual use we try to treat them respectfully, and spell them correctly. For the same discretionary reasons we need not descend to the cook's English—to "the eggs on the plate" and "the eggs to the bacon," as we might have our own restaurant absurdities—our "blanc-mange" and our "saute-potatoes"—brought up against us. But we flatter ourselves that we pronounce French names better than the French pronounce English names. In fact, outside Shakespeare and Walter Scott, Frenchmen, even teachers, professors, and

actors, can hardly pronounce an English name correctly. They are pronounced *à la française*. Hamlet in the mouth of the actors at the Théâtre Français becomes "Amley," and syllables are added unnecessarily, as in Ivanhoe ("Eavanoy") and "Robinson Crusoe."

R. D.

Chelsea Hospital Illustrated

(Concluded from page 148)

THE papers of every soldier who on discharge can have a possible claim to a pension are handed over to this Board. They show his career from enlistment to discharge—his virtues and his failings. Formerly, the soldier himself had to appear in person before the Board, but this cruelty has been long since abandoned. The Board meets weekly, and has before it an average of 100 to 150 new cases, and fifty old ones for reconsideration.

The rates of pension range up to 5s. a day. The latter is the highest rate for a Warrant Officer, but 4s. is the more general sum for these *élites* of the non-commissioned rank. For superior sergeants 2s. 3d., for corporals 1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d., and for privates 1s. to 1s. 2d. These pensions are attained after a service of twenty-one years, but sometimes with less service, in cases of invalids. The length of time continuously in the ranks before discharge is a leading element of consideration, but there are many elements. The regulations are complicated; and it is no easy matter, on the part of the soldier, to anticipate the precise rate he may receive. This ought not to be.

Soldiers who become disabled by wounds or by disease, and are thus prevented from completing twenty-one years' service, are entitled to pensions, according to the injury received, varying from 6d. a day to 3s. 6d. These are either granted for life at once, or for a shorter term if the permanence of the disability be uncertain, to be renewed at same or other rates according to requirements, or sometimes discontinued if recovery be complete.

Soldiers who break down after short service, from disease not induced by their service, very commonly get small pensions to aid them while looking out for employment; but if the service be very short, or the disease be induced by habitual vice, their claims are disregarded. As a rule, complaints from discharged soldiers and the unfavourable accounts of the Army emanate from soldiers of this class; but this is unavoidable, as the country will never consent to pension every man who fails to give some fair modicum of service, who derives no injury from the service, or who maims his constitution by his own misconduct. Unfortunately, large numbers gain admission to the Army without the soundness of constitution fitting them to become efficient soldiers, and hence there is a large class of these discharged men scattered over the country.

We will now proceed to describe some of our illustrations.

Sydney Smith was fond of saying that the happiest group of faces to be seen were those leaving church after a long sermon. The pensioners have no necessity for this reaction, the sermons being short, the Chaplain, after a lifetime devoted to their spiritual wants in active service, and now in their retirement, adapting his discourses to their enfeebled temperaments, "pointing to heaven and leading the way." The service altogether is made cheerful by the attention of the authorities to their physical comforts, and by an excellent organ and choir. There are morning and evening services on Sunday, an evening service on Wednesdays in winter months only, and short prayers on the mornings of all weekdays. Attendance is voluntary on the two latter occasions, but compulsory at one service on Sunday, unless excused by physical weakness. For those excused, and for the inmates of the Infirmary, local occasional services are held in the wards and in the Chaplain's Room at the Infirmary. There is a Lecture Room in which assemblies for lecture and prayer are held on the evenings of weekdays, and the attendances are good though voluntary. Parade before church is in the open air in summer, in the wards in winter. Dissenters from the Church of England and Roman Catholics are also paraded for their respective places of worship, the Presbyterians in the afternoon for an apartment in the Hospital, the Roman Catholics for St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street, quite near, there being a Roman Catholic Officiating Chaplain appointed there by the Government.

Various games are enjoyed by the pensioners; such as chess, draughts, dominoes, backgammon, and card games of every variety. But one game, not usually met with, save amongst soldiers, is called "Spanish Polo," an apparent hybrid between chess and draughts, and appears to be a great favourite. Playing for money, or other bets, is forbidden, by the Rules of the Hall; but doubtless there is some form of incentive to victory, or can it all be for the honour of the thing?

Four of the berths in the Pensioners' Ward, besides the sergeant's at the end, are included in this sketch. The occupant of one berth has brought together quite a gallery of pictures, which overflow from his own domain to the corridor. His pocket money all goes to the satisfaction of this propensity, and his visitors gladly praise the taste of his selection and the wideness of his field of art. Most of the berths are filled with little adornments of this kind, many with religious pictures and emblems. Observing that one was quite devoid of anything of the sort, a pensioner stated that the tenant was blind, a regrettable but otherwise complete explanation.

Our remaining illustrations represent various portions of the building: the Portico and Cupola from the Court, the North Front, the State Room, the Kitchen, the Beer Cellar, &c. From these it will be seen that the Hospital is for the most part of a plain but substantial character. It, however, possesses considerable dignity, and is by no means wanting in picturesque effect. The latter quality must have been much more strongly marked as it came from the hands of the great Sir Christopher, for according to his design, all the windows were filled in with cross mullions and "lead lights;" these are shown distinctly in the early views of the building, but they were replaced by the present sash windows about eighty years back. A few of the outbuildings, however, still retain their old glazing, and their quaint prettiness makes us all the more regret the alteration to the main structure.

The solidity of the building may be seen from our illustration of the "Beer-Cellar," with its solid brick vaulting and sturdy square pillars. We have given a sketch of two of the leather "Black-Jacks," into which the beer for the pensioners is drawn; these are supposed to be coeval with the Hospital itself, and are thus of considerable interest.

The staircases leading to the various "galleries," or wards, are very substantial, and excellent examples of plain design and good solid workmanship, sound both as to material and construction. The only portions of the building upon which there seems to have been lavished anything like ornamentation, or elaboration of detail, are the Porticos over the principal entrance, the Cupola, the Interior of the Chapel, and the "State Room," and even these are very sober and quiet in treatment, and appear elaborate rather from the plain severity of their surroundings than from any extra amount of ornamentation bestowed upon them. In fact, Wren seems rather to have intended to show how *very little* mere ornament is necessary in a large, important building, and to prove that good proportions, united to a certain picturesqueness of outline, are sufficient to produce a good effect, even without architectural detail. I. D.

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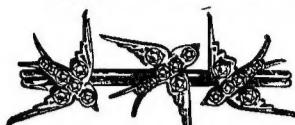
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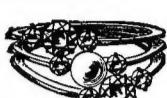
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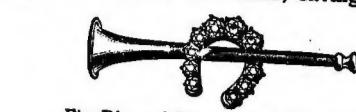
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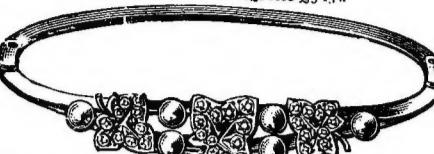
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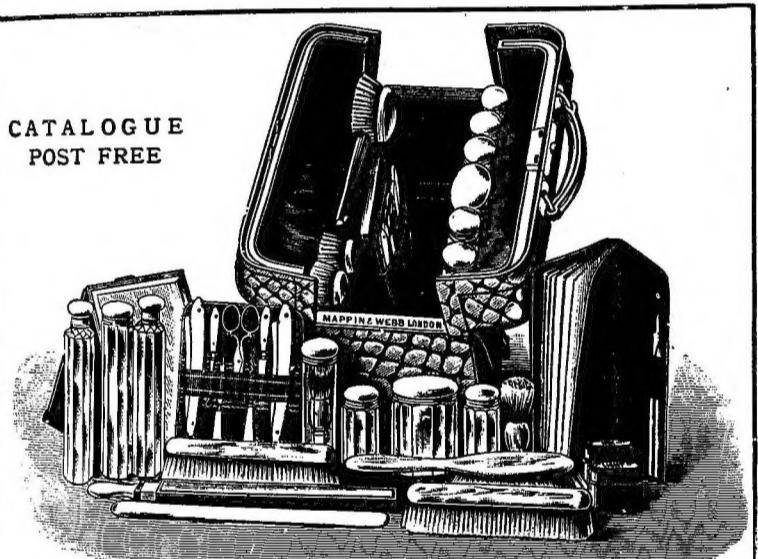
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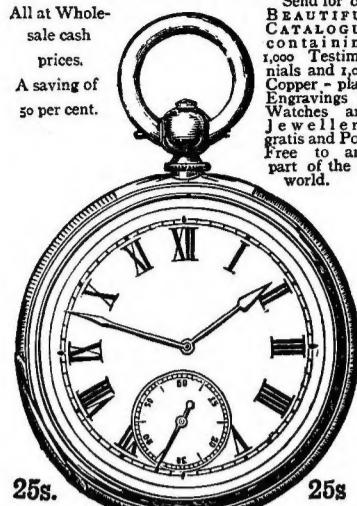
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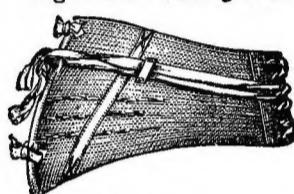
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